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SIXTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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LOGIC OF THE MUNICIPAL CAMPAIGN

THAN Judge Conrey there is not a more conscientious member of the superior court in this county, hence, in rendering a decision adverse to Mr. Mushet, in the attempt by the defeated mayoralty candidate to get a recount of the ballots, it is accepted by all parties as expressing the letter of the law without bias. It is evident, however, that a flaw exists in the construction of the direct primary statute that must be amended at the next session of the legislature. At present, there is no provision made for a revision of the ballots cast at a primary election, where a contest is made on charges of fraud. This oversight must be remedied at the first opportunity. Certainly, the people desire to see that man nominated who, by a preponderance of votes, is entitled to place on the ticket. If ballots have been rejected for one, or others unfairly counted for another, there should be a way to prove or disprove the charges in case of contest.

With Mr. Mushet eliminated by a court decision from the municipal campaign, the electorate is asked to decide between the incumbent, George Alexander, and George A. Smith. The latter assumes to ask the suffrages of those affiliated with the Republican party on the ground that he is a strong party man and a representative Republican, named by a representative gathering of that organization. We challenge this assumption. Mr. Smith has proved himself faithless to his party in the past, as we have shown. He declined to support Dr. Walter Lindley's candidacy for mayor three years ago, although a better man for the position it were hard to find, and by his money and influence contributed to the election of the next mayor the city has known in many years, one, too, of the opposite political faith professed by Smith. His affiliations in this campaign are not such as to commend him especially to the electorate. We find no fault with Mr. Smith, personally, but we do not give to his political associations our unreserved confidence. For this, and for his defection three years ago, and because his opponent has earned the right to be

trusted, Mr. Smith's mayoralty aspirations should be discouraged. That many other independent Republicans are of like mind was proved by the light vote accorded the rump Republican candidate at the primary. He was five thousand votes behind Alexander, and only nineteen votes ahead of Mushet, taking the face of the returns.

With Alexander should be elected the full quota of good government candidates for the council who won place on the ticket at the primary election. There is an attempt now being made to tie the hands of Mayor Alexander in the certain event of his re-election, by control of the council. Five of the rump Republican candidates for that body have formed a combination which they figure will result in their election. This can be defeated by giving a solid vote to candidates endorsed by the Good Government League. We regard the re-election of the present school board as certain, also the sure return of Messrs. Hewitt, Leland, Mallard and Hance, with Meyers safely in the lead for city auditor. The outlook for a continuance of the present excellent administration is most reassuring. If an "Uncle Aleck Town" means economy in expenditures, absence of grafting, appointment of high-minded men to the commissions, police surveillance of prohibited haunts without political trickery, and honesty in all things, by all means let us elect the candidate whose success makes such condition of affairs possible.

MORE IDOLS SHATTERED

WE HAVE followed with appreciative sympathy Gertrude Atherton's arraignment of the haut ton of San Francisco, who were so afraid of splitting their gloves that they refrained from applauding the efforts of a young dancer of local birth, whose "rare accomplishments combined with her serpentine grace, her charming Spanish face, and the abandon of the true artist, would win her an immediate ovation in any European city, even did she appear unheralded. There," continues Miss Atherton with fine scorn, "she would find audiences that not only would slit their gloves and stamp on the floor, but stand up and shout."

San Francisco's best society, we are told, lent itself to no such spectacular doings. No, indeed. There was a well-bred patting of gloved hands and a few nicely modulated exclamations, but in the main the audience appeared to have "not the faintest conception that this graduate from their ranks was an artist of the first order, who could be independent of their existence in six months, if she chose." Miss Atherton's wrath rises as she contemplates over again the fashionable, apathetic spectators who failed to show appreciation of true artistry, and who, she assures us, looked as if they had eaten too much and were thinking about their clothes, "blinked and applauded as if they had gout in their shoulders." Observes this outspoken critic:

If there be a duller, a more deadly respectable, a more wholly provincial city on its manifest surfaces than San Francisco, I have yet to discover it. There is also the tradition that San Francisco is a musical city. Where this legend started no one seems able to inform us. It has never had an opera house that did not disgrace the name, it has never made an institution of symphony concerts so that music might be made a part of the curriculum of the young, as it is in New York and Boston, and if a new musical artist of uncommon ability comes to town he has to be introduced half a hundred times before his worth is appreciated, whereas in any European city one introduction, one word from some one authority, would be sufficient. We have made a loud talk for many years about being musical and deceived ourselves, and when grand opera comes for six weeks once a year we pay \$7 a seat, put on our imported gowns and chat comfortably with our friends while the greatest artists the world knows lavish the most perishable of all gifts, and murderous impulses are generated in the breasts of the few—that would like to listen.

This, too, from a native daughter of San Francisco, i.e., one who knows the northern metropolis

and its habitants intimately, who is an author of repute, a critic of great discernment. In other words, fully competent to judge. She admits that "some of the brightest and most accomplished people in America are here," but when they cease to be units and become "that mysterious entity known as an audience, they appear timid, stupid and ignorant."

Really, these revelations are painful. Of the Paris of America, too, according to expert authority. Who would have thought it! Continental San Francisco, with its traditional lawlessness, its "bohemian" tastes, its "artistic" temperament to be so revealed! After this, let us elevate our chins and quote the contemptuous Gertrude when our feeble attempts at appreciating art in its various forms are signals for polite sneers from the "fatuous" high society folk of San Francisco.

WRITTEN IN EXTREMIS

IS THERE anything more pathetic in human annals than the simple details set down by man facing certain death and revealed later to sympathetic readers after the writers of the messages have succumbed to the inevitable? We can recall nothing in contemporaneous history more heart-wrenching than the diary of Captain George W. DeLong, of the ill-fated Arctic steamer Jeanette, who met death with his boat's crew in the inhospitable wilds of the Lena delta in Siberia, after a brave struggle across hundreds of miles of icy drifts and open sea, following the loss of the vessel. DeLong's journal of the last few days of their starved existence, when in pitiful sequence his comrades yielded up their lives, is one of the saddest human documents extant.

Equally thrilling, but of less protracted a nature is a diary of which we have personal knowledge, taken from the riddled body of a Wyoming rustler, whom the vigilantes drove from cover by setting fire to his shack and then killed him as he fled toward the hills. Besieged from early morning by a cordon of regulators, he saw his partner shot down, dragged the writhing body into the house amid a storm of bullets, administered to him until he died and then jotted down his unspoken thoughts in a memorandum book that recited the tense incidents to that last moment, when the smoke and flames compelled him to take to the open to fulfill his destiny. What a story was that the writer of this was instrumental in giving the country in the last memorable raid of vigilantes the west has known!

These two notable examples of self-communion when death stalks near are recalled by the rough notes found on the body of a young miner, whose stilled frame, with many others, was brought to the surface by the rescuing band at the Cherry mine, Tuesday of this week. The diary was begun the evening of the disaster, when the dead miners lay all about him and the few other survivors who had crept back to the comparatively free air. "If I am dead, give my diamond ring to Mamie Robinson," is an early injunction. "Brother Alfred is with me. . . . The only thing I regret is that my brother could not help my mother out after I am gone." These unselfish utterances give us a clue to the youth's character. Poor lad! Only twenty-one! The diary continues:

I tried my best to get out, but could not. It is something fierce to see men and mules lying down all over like that. . . . To keep me from thinking, I thought I would write these few lines. . . . There is rock falling all over. We have our buckets full of water, sump water, and we drink it and bathe our heads with it. Ten to 12 o'clock. . . . 2 o'clock. . . . 3 o'clock, poor air and black damp. . . . 4:15 o'clock, change of place. One man tried to get out and could not get back. . . . 7:50 o'clock, tired, hungry and sleepy, but I could stand quite a bit of this if I could get out of this hole. . . . 7:50 o'clock in the morning. This is Sunday. There is no air. We fanned ourselves with the lids of our buckets. . . . 25 after 9, and black damp, coming both ways. . . . 25 after 10,

we gave up all hopes. We have done all we could. The fan had better start above soon. . . . 25 after 10 p.m., Sunday. We are still alive. The only hope is the fan.

Alas, it was the starting of the fan from above that rekindled into fury the flames and fumes that brought death to young Samuel Howard, writer of the diary, and his fellows. But before that stifling moment came, the entombed miners improvised fans and in relays the men kept them going, as the journal tells. The long, fearful hours are recorded of all that harrowing Sabbath day, clear into Monday morning. One effort was made to break through to the main shaft, but the gases drove them back. The diary thus pitifully ends:

Am still alive. We are cold, hungry, weak, sick and everything else. Alfred Howard is still alive. . . . 9:15 a.m., Monday morning—Still breathing. Something better turn up or we will soon be gone. . . . 11:15 a.m.—Still alive at this time. . . . 16 to 1 p.m., Monday—The lives are going out. I think this is our last. We are getting weak. . . . Alfred Howard is as well as all of us.

This reference to his younger brother was the final entry on the penciled loose leaves torn from an account book. One reads this human narrative with blurred eyes and a sob in the throat. . . . Surely, such a death, even to the most hardened sinner, is an expiation for all shortcomings in those all-seeing eyes that gaze upon frail humanity from the heights of the great white throne.

THIS WAS A MAN!

EVEN as all the world loves a lover, so all the world honors and respects a brave man. When to physical bravery are added self-reliance, cheerfulness, resourcefulness, coolness in the face of great danger, and a moral courage that surmounts the most disheartening obstacles, then is the resultant whole so superb an expression of ideal manhood that the most selfish materialist, whose attention is drawn to such an one, is impelled to pause, if only mentally, in his self-centered career, to pay involuntary tribute.

From the pittance of that cave of gloom at Cherry, Ill., the wires brought word last Sunday of the concentration of these noble qualities in the person of George Eddy, a mine "boss," whose force of character, epitomized as above, was the means of saving the lives of twenty of his fellow beings. After a week's imprisonment in the burning mine, and when all hope of seeing a single man emerge alive had been abandoned by the grief-stricken watchers above, through the inspiring example of this humble, but noble, miner, a score of men are returned to make glad the hearts of those women and children bound to them by the nearest and dearest ties on earth.

Rarely is it given to the world to know of the simple heroism displayed by unassuming souls in crucial moments, because, alas, too often no living record remains to recount the story. In this case, the survivors of that week of horror in the St. Paul mine, three hundred feet underground, are the grateful avenues through which come the details of their escape from what must have been certain death but for George Eddy's leadership. When the fire was discovered that shut off exit to the upper world, Eddy rapidly massed the men forming his shift, and, leading them into a side tunnel, acting under his direction, they rapidly erected an air-tight barrier between them and the fiery fumes. Having done this, they could only sit down and await their fate, subsisting meanwhile on the scraps of food retained in their dinnerpails, which Eddy's thoughtful admonition had caused them to carry with them into the sealed chamber. In his unassuming, modest way he says:

We realized that we must save this food as long as possible. Many of us had been in mine accidents before, where a little piece of bread and a scrap of meat meant life. In the chamber where there was plenty of oxygen and no smoke we crowded together. By the light of the little torches on our caps we looked into each other's faces. They were blanched, although the men were strong men and used to the most trying accidents. For a while we could not say a word. We only looked at each other. Then I spoke to them. I told them we were in the greatest danger, that the mine was afire and that we might never see daylight again or our wives or children. I told them it was up to us to keep our heads and preserve our nerve. They listened to me and acted like brave men.

After blocking up the tunnel to prevent the foul gases from entering, the men sat on lumps of coal, spent from their exertions and dejected

beyond description. Death was all about them. They had seen their fellow miners fall, like grain before the reaper, as they rushed back for safety, and for the first day and night the deepest depression prevailed. But Eddy never lost his courage, never for a moment flagged in his efforts to feed the flame of hope in the breasts of his comrades. When the horror of water famine was unfolded, and the men, all unnerved, cried like children, it was he who grasped a pick and by example, led the others to dig a trench, through which oozed up enough precious drops of black fluid from the gravel bed to moisten their parched lips and throats. For seven days and nights it was George Eddy who kept his men from losing their wits, who devised ways and means to preserve their fortitude and their poise, assuring them that aid from aboveground must inevitably come. They lost all track of time; their lamps gave out and they sat in darkness, but that voice, Eddy's strong, clear, manful, optimistic, encouraging word, was always ready to counteract the pessimistic utterance of another and to keep ignited the spark of hope.

What will Illinois do for this brave fellow? The legislature may pronounce encomiums in his praise, the wealthy merchants of Chicago may subscribe a fund in his behalf, but if we read his character aright, he will ask that he be let alone, and what recognition there may be from state officials or private citizens shall be in the form of generous gifts to the widows and orphans of those who were not of his company, who were overcome by the noxious gases in that first fiery blast. But the world is better because of his rare good sense, his manful, masterly coping with the pitiless Destroyer. The busy mart has had an object lesson. There is a greater thing in life than mere money getting. All honor to brave George Eddy.

LONG WAY FROM DISSOLUTION YET

HAVING a vivid recollection of what happened to the decision of a judge who imposed a fine of twenty-nine million dollars or so on the Standard Oil corporation, we are withholding our sympathetic tears, which might otherwise be permitted to flow, because another federal court in St. Paul has decreed the dissolution of the same gigantic concern as a combination in restraint of trade. It needed not the authorized announcement, which followed, that an appeal would be taken to the supreme court of the United States. Until an adverse decision is rendered from the highest court in the land, it may be assumed that no effort will be made to have the Sherman anti-trust law amended. Commenting upon this latest attempt of the government to restore the balance, which has been upset of recent years, the San Francisco Bulletin sententiously notes:

It is one of the curiosities of life in America that public opinion does not expect "big business" to obey the law and does not expect the law or the courts to be able effectually to restrain "big business." Public opinion seems to look upon the law, in its relation to "big business," much as the ordinary worldly and sinful Christian looks upon the Sermon on the Mount, rather as the statement of an ideal than as a precept to be obeyed in the ordinary affairs of life. "Big business" has gained in this country a position similar to that once held in Europe by the feudal aristocracy.

This, unfortunately, is too true. A study of John D. Rockefeller's reminiscences leads one to infer that the Sermon on the Mount had ever been the main guidance of the head of the Standard Oil in his business and private relations, but the revelations of Miss Tarbell, alas, prove the contrary. The reason why this colossal corporation is not expected to obey the law, and that court decisions will have no restraining effect upon its illegalities, is because it epitomizes the dominant characteristic in American life today—money-power the real ruler of the nation. The tentacles of the Standard Oil octopus are so far-reaching that every city of prominence in the country, almost every railroad of note, nearly every bank of any importance has felt their touch and taken due cognizance of what it would mean to offer individual opposition to such a power in the land. Until the country changes its standards, we need not look for relief from present unwholesome combinations, merely because a federal judge in the northwest has issued his ipse dixit of protest.

GRAPHITES

San Diego is frankly appreciative of the action of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce in deciding to indorse the Bay City's exposition project, whose support the San Diego Union admits will mean much to the enterprise. That well-edited paper sees in this step the beginning of an era of mutual interests and more neighborly feeling in Southern California. This kind of sentiment we have long tried to foster and persistently preached. We hope to see Southern California standing solidly together in the next legislature behind San Diego's claims for recognition, as against San Francisco's belated filing, on the broad ground that the southern city was first to take definite and decisive action in the premises. Senators Perkins and Flint are reported to be waiting on the legislature before espousing the San Diego cause at Washington. This is probably good policy, but as a matter of justice, their influence at Sacramento should be extended in favor of San Diego, if there is a possibility of contest, which we are disinclined to believe.

Now that the Alma Bell incident is closed, a jury having decided that she was sane just before and after she killed her quondam lover, let us offer united protest against the appellation bestowed on the verdict, to the effect that it is a "real California verdict." We are not sitting in judgment on the erring girl, nor yet attempting to override the jury's findings, but the amount of slobbering space devoted to this Bell trial has irritated the judicious. Stripped of all mawkish sentiment, the testimony revealed the defendant to be careless of her honor, not especially true to any one man, but inclined to be more jealous of the man she shot than of others with whom she forgathered. We hold the hanging of women in aversion, no matter what their crime, but a few years of reflection in prison seclusion for one of Alma Bell's stripe would not have outraged justice.

All the world is reading with undisguised interest the debate now in progress in the English house of lords with reference to the budget, so brilliantly and powerfully advocated before the people by David Lloyd-George, chancellor of the exchequer. With Lords Rosebery, Cromer and Balfour vigorously combating the arguments of Lords Lansdowne and Salisbury, who are pledged to reject the bill, the Conservatives are facing the most crucial moment in the history of the upper house of parliament. Thursday, the sturdy bishop of Hereford cast his influence in favor of the bill, disregarding the attitude of the archbishop of Canterbury, who had previously announced that the bishops would stand aside from the discussion, as the debate was strictly of a party character. Bishop Hereford said that while he respected the desire of the archbishop that the prelates abstain from voting, he could not forego his right of exercising independent judgment. He believed the budget was framed in behalf of the social welfare of the kingdom and based on sound finance. He was convinced, he declared, that the country's answer to an appeal to the ballot would be in clear English that never again shall the fundamental liberties of the people be endangered by a privileged class. He wished the budget might be passed as a protection against the rapidly-growing spirit of revolt among the democracy, which might become dangerous. This is the more significant, read in the light of Lord Rosebery's warning uttered the day before, that the lords were playing for too heavy a stake and were risking the very existence of the house of lords. It begins to look as if no settlement can be reached without a referendum. The temper of the people at this time, doubtless, is largely in favor of the bill as it stands.

It begins to be evident that Nicaraguan affairs cannot be adjusted to the satisfaction of the United States until Uncle Sam's strong arm has been exerted in a disciplinary manner on President Zelaya and his following. Filibustering by Americans is not to be countenanced, but American rights must be respected and the American person held as sacred in South American territory as is the individual Britisher in the Latin-American republics. If a chastening rod is needed to convey a salutary lesson, by all means let the spanker get into action without delay.

An occasional correspondent writes The Graphic from Washington confirming what this paper has heretofore stated, to the effect that Franklin K. Lane, in all probability, will be appointed, early in January, as a member of the interstate commerce commission. It is being assumed in Washington, semi-officially, that Commissioner Lane's name will be sent to the senate for confirmation soon after the coming session of congress has convened.

SLAVERY OF SOCIETY

POLITICAL reputations nowadays are entirely at the mercy of the newspapers. Not always, it is true, according to the intent of newspaper editors, who frequently mark their enemies in public life for extinction, only to find that their abuse gives them distinction. But if political fortunes are turned by the amount of attention given to aspirants by the public press, how much truer is it that position in society depends largely upon the eminence the individual can attain in the newspaper columns "devoted to" society. There is today in every large city of the United States a recognized circle of society which has been established mainly by the elaborate attention paid to its members by the society reporters. Too often that attention is secured by the most brazen methods of ostentation; less frequently by the shrewd cultivation of social chroniclers by the deft climbers.

How different, and, by comparison, how valueless is this newspaper-made society from the intercourse of congenial people with mutual entertainment and gentle edification as their motive. The small and pleasant dinner party, the friendly dance—these still exist, but only among the comparatively few who are discriminating enough to separate the sheep from the goats and to realize that ostentation is not only vulgar but a weariness of the flesh and a drain of the pocket. And such shrink with horror from the modern system which regards a visitation from society reporters as of more importance than the skill of the cook, and which places a premium upon the extravagance of decorations and the individual wealth of the guests. Yet, there are many charming hosts and hostesses, of breeding, refinement and modesty, who are so fearful of the newspaper tyranny that they dare not refuse information to the inquisitive society reporter. And, alas, there are many more who, though a decade ago they would have regarded a newspaper account of their hospitality as impertinent invasion of their privacy, have become so inoculated with the virus of notoriety that they are willing and anxious competitors in the daily contest for newspaper space.

Mrs. A., indeed, must be a high-minded matron and of splendid modesty, if she can view with unruffled mind the half-column account given to Mrs. B.'s ball, when she is conscious that her own dance, which escaped notice, included many more people of distinction and was an incomparably superior affair. And when Mrs. A. gives her next party, she removes the injunction hitherto imposed upon her caterer, who, for his own interest of free advertisement, keeps in constant touch with the society reporters. When once Mrs. A. has seen her hospitality paraded in the newspapers, though she hold up her hands in holy horror to her intimate friends and "can't make out how those dreadful newspapers got hold of it," she discovers the sensation of publicity not so unpleasant as she had thought, realizes that her social position is confirmed rather than weakened by it, and, too, that it may be of value to Mr. A. in his business or his politics. Thenceforth her downfall is easy. In time, she is found even telephoning advance notices to the newspapers and gratefully providing the reporters with resplendent details.

And now, hospitality is no longer the inspiration of her entertainments. But emulation has become the keynote. Mrs. B.'s last dinner was served on silver plates; she engages a gold service for her next banquet. A prima donna sang at Mrs. B.'s party; a premiere danseuse supplements the prima donna at Mrs. A.'s. Mrs. B. entertained twenty-four guests; Mrs. A. has covers laid for forty. And both Mr. A. and Mr. B., though they are bored to death by their wives' performances and worried over their subsequent nervous prostration, submit slavishly, so long as their bank accounts permit. After all, there can be only one finish to such contest. The longest purse wins. But just as money cannot make manners, so extravagance is not hospitality.

The saddest feature of this degradation of society is its effect upon the youth of both sexes. The young men accept invitations just as they would take free tickets to any other "show." They conceive no obligation to make themselves agreeable; they expect the best of everything, growl as to the temperature of the wines and regard the menu with hypercritical taste; inevitably, they find themselves comparing the cost of the entertainments they grace with their presence, and the resultant amount of ennui next morning. They are no longer scrupulous of the courtesies of a generation ago, and have discarded the "party call" as a tax and a nuisance. And while, too

often, the lad of two and twenty, who should be grateful for any attention paid him by his elders and betters, has already become blase, boorish or cynical, the fate of the girl is still sadder to contemplate. She blossoms into her first season, fresh and vivacious, keen for "a good time" for herself and her friends. Too soon she finds that the hallmark of distinction is to be surprised at nothing, to be enthusiastic about nobody, and to cultivate an assumption of indifference about everything. The keener the competition, the colder must be her demeanor, but the more subtle her emulation. Her own appearance is the main thing.

For the nonce she becomes nothing more than an expensive doll, to be exhibited on every possible occasion in the most elaborate attire to which the family purse can be strained. Her brain becomes obsessed by dress, hats and coiffures. The more unbecoming a hat and a hair-dressing may be, the more eagerly she assimilates both, so long as they are ordained by a silly fashion evolved a few months previously thousands of miles away. Gradually, but, perforce, she loses her native charm, becomes self-conscious, stilted and afraid. She strives to conceal her diffidence with a studied pose. Nothing is natural about her from the top of her hair to the heels of her shoes. She is affectation personified. Too often, with her little person weighted down with all the glories of a Parisian costumer, with a coiffure copied from the latest illustrated paper, and aping the manner of a grand princess, she looks for all the world either like a Palais Royale doll or a cocotte of the boulevards. And when one remembers her before she "came out," before she was launched into this cruel, devouring vortex of "society," one sighs for the sacrifice of simplicity, rebels against the vulgarity of ostentatious emulation, and hopes for a renaissance of what is natural, modest and sweet.

San Francisco, November 22. R. H. C.

AUGUSTUS THOMAS' "HARVEST MOON"

PERHAPS the most interesting thing about "The Harvest Moon" is the temper of mind that it reveals in the dramatist, Augustus Thomas. Mr. Thomas is absorbed in an idea and he cannot help embodying it in his plays; moreover, he believes that the playwright has an obligation to the public which he has no right to ignore. He believes that the theater is primarily a place of amusement, but that it is also a place of suggestion, where an audience may be stimulated to higher things, and from which it should be sent out, not merely with its emotions stirred, but with a distinct impetus upward. For a long time the trend of things has been more or less influenced by the so-called new thought, but Mr. Thomas seems to be the first to have used a purely psychological influence as a dramatic mainspring.

In doing this he has enlarged the field of the dramatist, he has attracted to the theater a class of people who have, as a rule, not been among its patrons, and he has interested the public in the drama of the mind, that is, in the psychologic explanation of happenings rather than in the melodramatic happenings themselves. He believes in the power of suggestion, in the influence of conscious or unconscious attitudes of mind upon one's own or another's course of action. In "The Witching Hour," which has played to better business than any other play for the same length of time, he exploited hypnotism. In this play hereditary fear of a cat's eye causes a boy to commit murder, unconscious mindreading insures a gambler's success in play, this man's unconscious will power influences the jury to acquit the boy of murder, and, at a critical moment, renders a maddened man incapable of shooting him, and, finally, an understanding of these things brings him face to face with the belief that a particularly atrocious crime was the result of an unspoken wish of his own. The audience is sent away with the evident moral, I will not kill in my thought; I will see to it that my thought makes for righteousness or it may go out from me and take tangible form in the deed of another.

Now we have "The Harvest Moon," a variant of the same theme, in which is shown the power of the spoken word to overcome adverse suggestion by substituting for loss of confidence in the power to resist, belief in inherent strength of character and will. A young girl who thinks she is the daughter of a Harvard professor, wishes to go on the stage in opposition to the wishes of her family. A part has been written for her by a young dramatist, to whom she has become engaged, but she is torn with indecision. All her life an evil-tempered aunt has taunted her with the resemblance between herself and her mother,

and the prophecy that she will follow in the footsteps of this mother, whose supposed light and vacillating temperament led her first to go to Paris to study music and later to yield to temptation that proved her ruin. The question of the girl's future is submitted to M. Vavin, a noted French dramatist, who has met her three years before in Paris. M. Vavin shows that it was stability, not vacillation, courage, not cowardice, that led the mother to study in Paris, and that her singing was the result of a natural impulse as innocent as a bird's. He calls upon the girl to make her own choice as a free agent, and she decides to go on the stage in opposition to the wishes of her family.

At rehearsals she is subjected to the constant suggestion of the members of the company that she will follow in the train of those who have yielded to the fascination of the attractive leading man. After she has played a love scene in a manner termed vulgar by her fiancé, she flies from the theater, believing that she is the victim of some hereditary taint. M. Vavin is again called in, and to illustrate his theory, he gives a practical demonstration of the power of suggestion by telling hearty old Judge Elliott that he looks ill. When the judge is reduced to the point of collapse, Vavin points out that the girl has received similar treatment all her life, and proceeds to counteract it by pointing out the strong Napoleonic qualities in her face, and the girl goes back to the theater firm in the consciousness that she can hold her own in the part and successfully resist the alluring environment.

At this point the development of the play is somewhat vague. The third act was originally a one-act sketch, used at one of the Lambs' gambols. It serves to show the psychological effect of colors, and is used in this play to bring the young lovers together. The fiancé's play has not been a success, and M. Vavin believes that if it is properly rehearsed with the correct color accessories it will succeed. In demonstrating this to the playwright, he rehearses a series of scenes, and finally brings the young lovers into each other's arms under the light of the harvest moon, and they promptly succumb to its influence. In the last act, the girl, learning that she is an adopted daughter, disappears, but finally makes her way to the professor's home, when, in a very touching scene, she learns that M. Vavin is her real father, and that her mother, far from being a guilty woman, has been driven to her death by the cruel suggestions of the two men who loved her most. At length, she is free to live her life without torturing fear.

George Nash is superb as M. Vavin. He has as successfully identified himself with this play as John Mason has with "The Witching Hour." Mr. Thomas is fortunate in securing two such interpreters of the ideas embodied in these plays. In appearance, Mr. Nash leaves nothing to be desired. It is said that he went over to Paris to find a suitable make-up, and that after much search he found it in the row of judges that sit in the Palais de Justice, and that he finally made a composite of three of them. His speech is absolutely controlled, with just enough of the foreign flavor to suggest the perfectly educated literateur. He plays with a delightful sincerity and sympathy.

Miss Adelaide Nowak as Dora Fullerton is delightful. It is not an easy role, and she does it exceptionally well. She has the making of an artist if she will keep the simplicity and sincerity of her playing and add only experience to her natural charm. She has not a single trick, apparently. Her emotion consequently rings true. John Saville gives an excellent characterization of the judge. The other members of the cast are satisfactory, though the professor's face seems incongruously youthful for his grey hairs, and Holcomb, the dramatist, fails to convince us of his love for the girl, as he never quite gets beyond the play-acting stage. The play should receive the support of all who are hoping for the development of better things in the drama of today, as it is clever, interesting and stimulating.

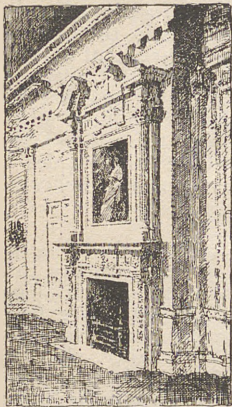
New York, November 22.

ANNE PAGE.

Privilege

Man fashions the pathway that leads
To his goal, through his actions and deeds.
Shall history couple our name
With self, ignobility, shame?
Or sum up our record like this:
Beneficence, heroism, bliss?
Such fruit, good or ill, as man sows
On earth, in eternity grows.
San Diego, Cal. —HENRY REED CONANT.

Where Henry E. Huntington's Art Treasures Will Be Housed



NINE miles northwest of Los Angeles, on the apex of a bench that overlooks the beautiful San Gabriel valley, Henry E. Huntington, head of Southern California's famous interurban electric system, has almost ready for occupancy the noble mansion which, for upward of a year, he has been assiduously engaged in building. Nor is this merely a figure of speech, for, although Myron Hunt and Elmer Gray are the architects of this superb creation, no one man has done so much toward its actual construction as the owner, who, day after day, fair weather or foul, has put in from three to five hours in the twenty-four personally supervising the erection of the classic pile, whose stately contour has become a landmark for miles up and down the San Gabriel valley, once given over to the Franciscan padres and their Indian neophytes.

When I rode up to Los Robles ranch the other day, I caught a glimpse of Mr. Huntington, in his shirt sleeves, earnestly engaged with his head

will occupy the time of the master of Los Robles for years to come.

Of a style of architecture influenced by the southern Mediterranean, with a classic trend, the house, which is of reinforced concrete, skeleton construction, is H-shaped, with a court at the back in grass and plants, and a terrace in front, paved with marble and tile, and connecting the wings. A distinct feature is the great east porch, a magnificent creation of reinforced concrete, whose pillars from a distance suggest one of the ancient temples in which the Athenians were wont to worship. Skirting this porch, the visitor is admitted to the house through the patio or garden entrance, really the carriageway; the main entrance is not disclosed until one is well inside, when, from its doors, an inspiring view of the San Gabriel valley is gained.

What impressed me, once within, was the extreme simplicity of the interior finishings, combined, however, with great beauty in the carvings and panellings. I found no heavy mahogany or other expensive woods used, but throughout the white, soft, Norway pine, painted white, but exquisitely carved everywhere. Except in the big library, which is finished in oak, with oak carvings, Norway pine prevails, and the carving in this medium is lovely beyond description. The panellings for the five principal rooms were made in London and shipped through to the coast in sealed cases, and set up by London workmen,

plicity. On a slightly lower level, to break the rigidity of too long a roof line, are the servants' quarters, in the northwest wing; they, too, enjoy the porch attachment with a delightful outlook upon acres of park-like woods and winding roadways.

I think the joy of the house lies in the magnificent library. Oak cases, reaching to the ceiling, form the walls of this ideal abode of books, except in those panellings intended for the reception of Gobelin tapestries, which are of unequalled elegance and design. These artistic masterpieces, by Bouget, whom no other cartooner of the famous Gobelin works ever surpassed, form undoubtedly the only perfect set extant, and are of great value. Originally, there were four sets, which Louis XIV. ordered made for the Spanish, Italian, Austrian and English ambassadors. Long since, the continental sets were disposed of piecemeal, but the one presented to the English ambassador was preserved in unbroken unity, and, coming into the possession of the DuVeen brothers of Paris, the wealthiest firm of collectors in the world, was sold by that house to Mr. Huntington for the decoration of his San Gabriel mansion. There are five pieces in the set. Four will be hung in the big library and one in the main hallway. They represent sylvan scenes on the French Boccaccio order, exquisitely wrought and as perfect in color and workmanship today as when they left the looms, more than two hundred



gardener in reassembling a marble antique, which, transported especially from Italy, was again to do service as a fountain, after lying perdu perhaps a thousand years in the abandoned grounds of a deserted palazzo. Tenderly, almost lovingly, the volunteer artisan handled the tablet that bore the head of a grinning satyr, from whose distended mouth the water was designed to flow into the basin beneath. He caressed the sharp ears of the faun as fondly as a woman would her pet dog, and gazed rapturously on the ugly, grinning face, when, after repeated attempts, it was finally set up to his satisfaction.

Myron Hunt laughed. "There he is, happy as a tinker," he remarked, sotto voce, as we drew nearer. "Rain or shine, he is here daily, and hardly a brick, stone, wire or board has gone into place unknown to him. He calls most of the workmen by name, and when he is not hobnobbing with the six-foot laborer mixing mortar, like as not he is fraternizing with the plaster-cast maker or one of the carpenters."

No owner ever had half so much joy in the building of his house as Henry E. Huntington has found. His son, Howard, once confided to me that he thought his father really took more interest in seeing a tile nicely adjusted than he did in the biggest engineering undertaking on any of his roads. Fortunately, this interest will not cease with the completion of the house. There are five hundred acres in the Huntington ranch, with upward of nine miles of natural, forest drive-ways, and to beautify these grounds, to add to the varieties of rare trees, shrubbery and plants

sent over especially for that purpose. The remainder of the woodwork for all the other rooms was made in Los Angeles. There is an absence of Pullman car garishness in this exquisitely chaste interior, but the careful labor denotes thought and expression, resulting in beauty of form delightful in its simplicity. The panellings are merely backgrounds for works of art, and although these, of course, are not yet in place, from the photographs I have seen, showing the designs, I can attest the great beauty of the insets.

On the first floor the principal rooms are the main library, with a smaller one, a sort of cosy chamber, interconnecting to the east, the main reception room and the main dining room, all affording an unsurpassed view of the panoramic San Gabriel valley, undulating southward as far as the eye can reach, across to the Puente hills. On the north side of the house rises a stately grand staircase, easy of ascent and distinctive in character. Windows opening from it give an attractive outlook upon the charming court or patio, with rare palms and plants studding the grassy floor, while beyond is unfolded a park-like vista of noble trees and graveled walks, after the manner of an old English estate. The chambers on the second floor are en suite, each with its own bath room and dressing room, and all having access, through French windows, to broad porches, from which views of unparalleled beauty may be had. The walls and ceilings are painted, and, although not so rich in workmanship as those belowstairs, the carvings are beautiful in their sim-

years ago. These tapestries are sui generis; their like does not exist elsewhere in the world.

What a glorious background for the noble collection of master minds represented in the remarkable library soon to be housed in the Los Robles mansion! Mr. Huntington has been engaged for years in gathering from hither and yon the rare and priceless volumes which form a part of his collection. Moreover, he is on intimate terms with his treasures, inside and out, having as intelligent a conception of the contents of his rarest books as he has of their market value. I happen to know that there is no pedantry in his attitude toward books. He seldom reads a book that is known as a "best seller." It is his delight to take down a modest little volume, of which the average modern fiction reader doubtless never heard, and enjoy it to the uttermost. Mr. Huntington follows his own unconventional bent in his readings, but he usually gets hold of the best. He seems to have an instinct for a good book, and he knows bindings as do few bibliophiles of pretensions to expert knowledge in this branch of art.

I think I am safe in saying that the beautiful building, now nearly completed, on the bench out in the San Gabriel valley, is intended, primarily, as a housing for the books, paintings, tapestries and other works of art accumulated by Mr. Huntington in the last twenty years, rather than as a home for himself. Yet, large as are the rooms, I doubt if the owner of this superb retreat will find place for more than one-half of the treasures he has stored away under so many different roofs,

both here and on the Atlantic coast. Although I noted several niches in the walls of the main hall and elsewhere, I understand that statuary will have little place in the Huntington home. The owner's tastes lean to beautiful paintings, tapestries and books; for the expression of art in carved marble, except for the carved marbles outdoors, he seems not to care. Perhaps, at a later date he may develop a liking for the sculptor's art, although I fancy it will never hold the place in his affections borne by paintings and tapestries.

I suppose Los Robles ranch harbors the greatest botanical collection to be found in any semi-tropical country. There are two acres of lath houses, a hundred feet or so northeast of the house, many acres of cacti, hundreds of rare palms, surpassing even, in this particular, the famous Gillespie collection at Santa Barbara. The water gardens at the base of the bench are a retreat for the lotus, the water lily, rare mosses and many varieties of water plants. The wild fowl find in this seductive spot a haven of safety from the fowler, and, in season, scores of the larger migratory birds float contentedly on the bosom of the waters, cheek by jowl with the tame habits. At intervals, on the spacious grounds, are installed beautiful settles of Carrara marble, in modern designs, that lend dignity and richness to the environment. Directly west of the house, whose scent permeates the main dining room, is a rose garden, containing hundreds of varieties of bushes, laden with perfumed blossoms. A little to the north is a detached house, for billiard room and bowling alley purposes, and another adjacent building contains the offices for the estate.

All is in the best of taste. No garish display, no overpowering sense of prodigious wealth. Everything is subordinated to the main purpose, a background for works of art, simple, in consequence, but rich and elegant. Numerous and of great value as are the paintings to be hung in this ideal place, there is no formal massing of pictures; it is a residence, not a gallery, and this thought is expressed to the minutest detail. Large as are the rooms, they are not depressingly so; the proportions have been as carefully observed by Messrs. Hunt and Gray, as in the many exquisite smaller houses that owe their conception to the creative work of these versatile and able architects.

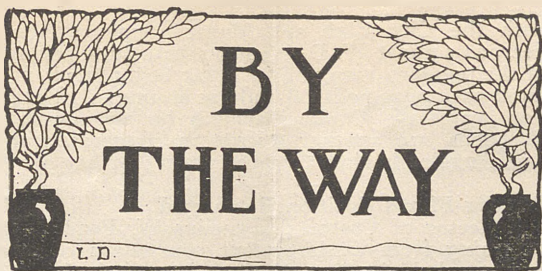
Soon after the new year, the last artisan will have retired from the building, when, almost immediately, the work of furnishing the house and installing the objects of art will begin. What a far cry from the humble homes of the padres and of the still humbler neophytes of the San Gabriel valley, that preceded, and yet how comparatively short a time has intervened! Their passing was marked by the erection of the Shorb mansion, which was wont to occupy the site on which now stands the Huntington home. It was viewed with awe by the simple Mexicans and Indians, when it was completed twenty-six years ago. I often used to ride my horse up to its deserted verandahs and enjoy the splendid panorama outspread at my feet.

What a vast leap forward, by comparison, this wonderful concrete building, housing so many priceless treasures, excavation for which was begun exactly a quarter of a century after its predecessor was completed and occupied. This later mansion is typical of the wonderful strides taken by the city of Los Angeles, whose electric lights are seen twinkling like so many glowworms, off to the southwest, as the daylight fades. Who shall dare say how many millions of people, how much of concentrated wealth this section of California shall hold when the time comes for the passing of the present palatial residence!

S. T. C.

Important Copper Merger

Word reaches me from New York that the proposed new J. P. Morgan copper combine will not include former Senator W. A. Clark's United Verde property, worth a king's ransom. Senator Clark was asked to include his Arizona goldmine in the trust and declined, owing to a habit he has of invariably going it alone in such ventures. The Montana capitalist is a believer in competition, and has no sympathy with the argument which declares that modern business life in the United States cannot thrive without combination. Senator Clark now is sole owner of the United Verde, and the property can be made to produce for him in excess of a million dollars a month, net. The Giroux mines in Ely, uncovered by a Los Angeleno, and the Greene property in Sonora, whipped into producing shape first by George Mitchell of this city, are to be in the new trust, which, according to New York advices, is to have a capital of \$750,000,000, with an earning capacity of about \$30,000,000. The big producers of the Bisbee and Globe, Ariz., regions are, of course, to be an important detail in the proposed merger.



"Tom" Schumacher's Good Record

Doubtless, many here remember "Tom" Schumacher. He was for several years one of the important figures in the commercial life of Los Angeles until about eight or nine years ago. Schumacher's ability was first recognized by Edwin T. Earl, when the Earl Fruit Company was laying the foundation for the big fortune for the head of that concern now invested heavily in Los Angeles. At that time, "Tom" Schumacher was the fruit company's traffic manager, at \$10,000 a year, a princely salary in those days. When Schumacher quit that employment he went to the Union Pacific in an important capacity. Later, another promotion came along, and his services were acquired by the Phelps-Dodge railroad interests, at a time when the southwestern copper magnates were forced into railway building in order to protect themselves from a hauling monopoly. In those days it was Schumacher who faced the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific big guns—such men as J. C. Stubbs. Now I see that Tom, who is enrolled a member of the California Club of this city, has been appointed traffic manager of the new Gould Western Pacific, with headquarters in San Francisco. This means that Schumacher soon will be revisiting us down here, much to his satisfaction, for "Tom" long ago became convinced that Los Angeles is the best ever as a place of residence.

George Cohan's Marital Experience Here

George Cohan's visit to Los Angeles this week, naturally, recalls the days when this remarkable young composer and producer of musical comedies made his first plunge into the sea of matrimony, his bride being the daughter of a well-known resident of this city. Ethel Levy grew up here and lived in Los Angeles until her marriage to Cohan, who wooed her for several successive seasons, when his professional engagements here gave opportunity. It was only a few years ago that Ethel's father, who may be seen almost any day waiting on customers in a well-known Spring street establishment, went to New York to accept a theatrical business engagement there which had been provided by his new son-in-law. Cohan procured a divorce from his first wife about three years ago, and Ethel Levy at this time, I believe, is playing an engagement in Paris, where she has become a music hall favorite. George Cohan's second wife is here with him, as also is the Cohan baby.

T. J. Norton Revisits Former Scenes

Thomas J. Norton, who has been in the city this week from Chicago, representing the Santa Fe in the lemon rate hearing, is the same brilliant young man who first came to Los Angeles about eight years ago, a mere law cub, acting as second assistant to the late Captain C. N. Sterry, then the head of the Santa Fe legal department in Southern California. Norton had been a newspaper man before he went in for Blackstone, and the astute Mr. Ripley made no mistake when, on Mr. Wells' recommendation, he named the clever young lawyer to succeed Captain Sterry at the latter's death. Later, when the Hepburn act was signed by President Roosevelt, and President Ripley felt that an expert in the new statute was needed to keep the Santa Fe in the straight and narrow path, Mr. Norton was sent to Chicago as head of a bureau formed solely to grapple with the new act, and with the regulations continually being made by the interstate commerce commission.

Ferris and Elliott Joint Airship Idea

Dick Ferris' aviation week idea is likely to prove the most noteworthy amusement effort in the city's history. If indications count for anything tangible, Los Angeles will at the chosen date cater to more visitors than ever before were here at one time. In addition, the city is certain to get publicity of a widespread nature. To John B. Elliott, local manager of the Associated Press, must be conceded, equally with Ferris, the credit for having evolved the aviation week plan. John says it occurred to him, months ago, that such a meet in midwinter here would be certain to attract world-wide attention, and he felt that it could be pulled off, providing the right persons took hold. He wrote to Ferris, who was then in

St. Paul with his summer stock company. Curiously enough, a letter on the same subject left Ferris for Elliott, the two communications crossing. Ferris had asked Elliott what he thought of such a meeting as the one now being agitated. Apparently, it was a case of telepathic joint impression. When Ferris received Elliott's letter, he made up his mind that he would tackle the proposition the minute he returned to Southern California.

Jack Elliott May Go East

I am violating no confidence in printing that "Jack" Elliott within the week has been offered an important promotion that, in the event he decides to accept, will take him from Los Angeles to Washington. In case he listens to the voice of the siren, Elliott says he will remain in the national capital only through the coming session of congress. Capable John Elliott has been in charge of Associated Press affairs here for about four years, and in that time he has made an admirable record. While I think he deserves the best there is, I shall miss his handsome face and pleasant word of greeting, keenly.

Why Willis Booth Breathes Easier

President Booth of the Chamber of Commerce is breathing much easier, as also is Chief of Police Dishman, now that the Japanese trade commission has gone. For, when Baron Shibusawa and his associates were here, there was an intimation that the former might not be permitted to leave Los Angeles, without an attempt to do him serious physical injury. Los Angeles harbors a colony of Koreans, among them pupils in the public schools of the city, and doing menial service when not engaged in their studies. They are said to be ardent patriots of that stripe of which the slayer of the late Count Ito was a member. When the Japanese visitors were in New York, it was intimated to the police of that city that Baron Shibusawa was likely to be roughly dealt with before the party left the United States, the Pacific coast having been selected as the scene of the expected assault. In consequence, when the visitors arrived here the baron remained in his car until the special train with the Japs abroad left Arcade station. So determined were the Mikado's commissioners to see everything of interest in this region, that one of them made a special trip to the aqueduct, and others visited the Imperial valley country to determine the irrigation possibilities of that country, the cotton prospects and other questions of moment.

Barney's Dutiful Defender

In the general offices of the Edison Electric Company they are chuckling over a story that has to do with Barney Healy. That eminent statesman has a son who is employed by John B. Miller's corporation, and where he has his official habitat, naturally, among the conspicuous bric-a-brac the Healy councilmanic lithographs are prominent. One day, recently, an elector had occasion to visit the younger man's rooms, and, noticing the Healy pictures, the thoughtless stranger took a few shots at the Healy public record. Of course, Healy junior defended pater manfully, and, the argument waxing rather warm, the caller suddenly issued an invitation to step outside and settle the debate in the old-fashioned way. With dignity, the invitation was declined. Later, when the voter was informed that he had gone up against the son of the man he had roasted, he had the good grace to return and apologize.

Alexander Wins Record Support

With the Record's announced determination to support George Alexander for mayor ensued conflicting emotions in the two mayoralty camps. The Smith men were glum, and the Alexander forces correspondingly elated, since this newspaper accession was unexpected. Mr. Scripps' Los Angeles newspaper property has been conceded by active politicians to exert not a little influence in the districts east of Main street, and, in spite of its somewhat erratic breaks, recently, in matters political, the opinion is general that the paper's declaration for Alexander is pretty certain to prove detrimental to the Smith campaign.

How to Utilize "Uncle Aleck Town" Cry

To this time the municipal campaign has been rather a dull affair, with little indication of an enlivening of procedure before election day. I have heard criticism to the effect that the Alexander managers should force the fighting until the balloting begins. It is declared that the cry "An Uncle Aleck Town" should be turned upon the enemy's flank, with a few pointed questions, such as would include a sort of catechism tending to prove from the records, officially, the real public good that has been accomplished by an Uncle

Aleck town in the last few months. It is said, further, that the largest hall in the city should be engaged before election day and packed with people, who should be told that an Uncle Aleck town has given to the city the cleanest municipal administration Los Angeles has had in twenty-five years. It is predicted with confidence that meetings such as outlined will fill the largest auditorium in the city with taxpayers of high, as well as low degree, most of whom, desiring the best there is in local government, would be pretty certain to vote right on the day of election. I submit these few suggestions to Meyer Lissner and his associates for what they may be worth.

Reminiscences of the Early Bar

Next to hearing that enjoyable address which J. A. Graves delivered a few weeks ago before the Los Angeles Bar Association, at its seventeenth semi-annual dinner, is a reading of his delightful reminiscences of the early bar of Los Angeles, which have been put into brochure form in a most artistic manner. An excellent likeness of Mr. Graves, in sepia, precedes the title page, and gives added interest to the contents. The author came to Los Angeles in 1875, when "the principal paying business was done by the firms of Glassell, Chapman and Smiths, Thom and Ross, Brunson and Eastman, and Howard and Hazard, while all of the others, including John D. Bicknell and Stephen M. White, were dividing up among themselves the business unappropriated by the firms mentioned, and waiting for the leading attorneys to die." These reminiscences do not pretend to give a history of the Los Angeles Bar, as the young lawyer from San Francisco found it, but recall from memory a few of the more amusing court incidents and recite personal characteristics of the legal and judicial lights of thirty or more years ago that it would have been too bad to lose. These human interest stories are really sidelights on Los Angeles' history, and are most graphically related. I wish I had space to tell of Don Pedro Carillo's justice court room and how the stairway leading to it was depleted, one stair at a time, by the landlord, for non-payment of rent. It is a deliciously humorous and capably told yarn. Every lawyer in the city should try to get a copy of this brochure, to say nothing of the laymen who appreciate a good story, told without superfluous trimmings.

Carried the Baron's Picture

When the Japanese envoys were taking luncheon at the California Club, Friday of last week, Baron Shibusawa was the most observed, as he was the most distinguished-looking of all the foreign visitors. Facing him at a table in the main dining room sat Avery McCarthy, with a few friends. "Seems to me I have a picture of the baron," he remarked, "that I have been carrying for more than two years." Taking out his pocketbook, he delved within and presently exposed a five-yen bank note, on which, sure enough, was a vignette of the patriarchal Jap sitting twenty-five feet away, a striking likeness. The baron at one time was the minister of finance for the Mikado's kingdom. Avery McCarthy had the five-yen note left over after his return from Japan two years ago. It was an interesting coincidence.

In Place of Oatmeal

One of the Japanese commissioners, here last week, whose English was not so fluent as that of others in the party, tried to convey to the waiter at the Alexandria Hotel breakfast table his honorable desire for a dish of oatmeal. The attendant hurried away and in a few minutes the head waiter approached and informed the guest from the Orient that the automobile he had ordered was at the Fifth street entrance. The Jap looked blank; the head waiter repeated the announcement. If finally dawned on the guest that his request had been misunderstood, and, after elaborate explanations, the automobile was dismissed.

Gossip About McLachlan

I was edified to note that the City Club had James McLachlan to speak before it last Saturday. This, too, with Lee C. Gates and Will D. Stephens both looking askance in the McLachlan congressional direction. Moreover, the present Seventh district congressman always has been opposed by the reform element, so-called, within his own party, he having invariably secured his nomination through the personal agency of Walter Parker. I wonder if it really can be true that next year Congressman McLachlan is to have the indorsement of Meyer Lissner and his associates, and the opposition of the regulars and their machine. When I hinted at this, not long ago, it was received with scoffing by the wiseacres. But it now looks as if I were on a "hot" trail. How curious if the alignment should show McLachlan

with the City Club and kindred support, next year, as against W. D. Stephens with the backing of the regulars, many of the latter being Stephens' most particular political and social chums. Then, two years later, McLachlan may be representing Pasadena and another district in congress, with Los Angeles having a representative of her own.

Senator Flint's Position Reaffirmed

Collector of Customs Cornelius W. Pendleton, returning from an important convention of appraisers, held in New York, brings back the information that United States Senator Flint undoubtedly will decline to be a candidate for reelection unless an unmistakable public movement, urging him to serve a second term, takes form. This statement was made by a close friend of the senator, whom Collector Pendleton met in New York, and may be regarded as official. It confirms what I have previously printed on this subject. Senator Flint is not a rich man, and cannot afford to enter upon an expensive campaign. He has served his state well and faithfully, and is highly esteemed at Washington, where his influence is regarded as unusual for a senator serving his first term. As a member of the finance committee, he is in a position to do California a great deal of good. He deserves to be sent back, not for his tariff views, but for his general usefulness to Pacific coast interests.

Legislative Scandal Revived

With the release recently of E. J. Emmons, formerly of Bakersfield, from Folsom prison, the legislative scandal of a few years ago, that sent two members of the state senate to the penitentiary, again has been revived. Emmons was the Democratic member of the upper house convicted, one of his associates having been a labor union man and another a Republican. The latter never was tried, and another Republican was acquitted. The labor union man was pardoned after having served more than half of his sentence. The scandal did not involve any representative from Southern California. The amount involved was, I think only \$500.

State Senator Flint Recalled

Although Thomas Flint, Jr., of San Benito has many warm friends here, the general public had almost forgotten his existence until the wires a few days ago printed a San Francisco story to the effect that the state senator is seriously ill in that city. Flint at one time was a prominent aspirant for governor, and in the Gage campaign he was a formidable candidate for the honor. He was in the front rank of the reform element in the Republican politics of the state until the organization won him over to its side. Then the San Benitan retired from the field. He always fought decently and fair, and was a consistent admirer of Los Angeles and of Southern California. I believe Senator Bulla and Tom Hughes are to be counted among his closest friends here.

Vagaries of Law Practice

With E. A. Meserve acting as chief counsel for the plaintiff in the primary recount court proceedings, and with Judge John D. Works on the other side, one again is reminded that the law, as a profession, makes strange bedfellows. Mr. Meserve is the lawyer for the principal Mushet newspaper, and yet he is doing his best to prove that particular aspirant for mayor not to be entitled to a place upon the December ballot, while Judge Works, a staunch supporter of George Alexander, is working just as hard to assist an opponent to the mayor to an opportunity to succeed the incumbent as head of the municipal government. In another litigation, almost as far-reaching in its consequences (I refer to the good roads bonds case), wherein Judge Works and Meserve opposed each other in court, the former won a notable victory against the other side.

Judge Wilbur's Dilemma

It must have been something of a problem for Presiding Judge Wilbur of the superior court to determine just where the Mushet-Smith primary litigation should go for adjudication. There is a lot of future politics involved in this particular case, and with Judges James, Wilbur and Conrey all prospective aspirants for a supreme court nomination next year, it behooved the second-named to be a bit careful when he finally passed the buck in this matter. Not that Judge Wilbur would for a moment shirk in the slightest degree any public duty. He is far too conscientious for that. He simply was confronted with a condition wherein he must have tried hard so to guide his conduct as to prevent anything like a reflection upon his action. It would appear as if a solution of the problem would have been to call in an outside judge to hear the case, especially as all of the judges here, who are electors of the

city, would with propriety have urged a presumptive interest that would have disqualified them from service.

Is This Treason?

It must be galling to the Times to find General G. H. Burton, U.S.A., retired, who is a resident of Los Angeles, over his signature, stoutly defending Mayor George Alexander. General Burton is counted a warm friend of General Otis, and for him to defend the enemy at this stage of the fight is almost treasonable. It is intimated that if General Adna R. Chaffee casts a ballot in the coming election, he will vote for the present mayor, the two having formed a strong liking for each other in the last few months. I doubt, however, if General Chaffee will vote at all. He has yet to cast his first ballot in Los Angeles, so I am advised.

Max Ihmsen Missed His Chance

Was it chance or design that launched Julian Johnson's Japanese political problem play the week that the Mikado's commercial representatives were guests of the city? I wonder what would have been the result had the Chamber of Commerce included in the entertainment of its guests a visit to the Burbank? What a pretty muss, diplomatically, there would have been, to be sure, a story that would have been worth the first page of any American newspaper. Here was an opportunity for Publisher Max Ihmsen of the Examiner that his big boss back in New York would have approved, all right. In the event that the Japanese envoys had accepted an invitation to the Burbank Theater, last week, at the Examiner's expense, the state department in Washington would have had its hands full for months to come. Now that it is too late to take advantage of an exceptional opportunity, I would advise the Examiner management to think over this rare lost chance.

Steamer Rate War Probably Ended

With the Steamer St. Croix out of commission, there is little likelihood of the continuance of the fierce rate war that has been in progress in ocean passenger tariffs between Los Angeles and San Francisco, for nearly two months. That struggle must have cost the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, as well as its rival, a tolerably stiff sum. With the opposition to the monopoly, perforce, subsided, it will be in order for the money lost in the rate war to be recovered. It may not be done in a hurry, but it will surprise no one if the new rates, when finally decided, are not higher than those in effect before the recent warfare was instituted.

Loyal to His Alma Mater

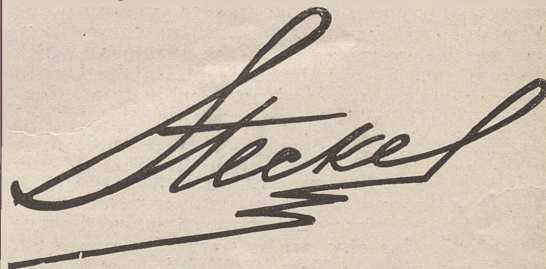
Dr. Guy Cochran is sporting Princeton colors with a vengeance these days. He has a brand-new machine painted a vivid orange, and his chauffeur is as black as midnight. Although Dr. Cochran owes first allegiance to Stanford, it was intended that Princeton should be his college, but the death of his sister caused a change of plans after his entrance fee had been paid and his rooms engaged. Apparently, he has not lost his early liking for the New Jersey university.

"Wanted, a 'Buss' Boy"

In a Broadway store window is a sign reading "Wanted, a Buss Boy." As the placard was displayed following the appearance of the "Soul Kiss" company at the Majestic, and the store is occupied largely by women, the inference is plain that the "buss" boy is wanted for osculatory purposes. To "buss" in early English was to kiss. "Buss me again, Kate," Shakespeare makes King Henry say to his French spouse.

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ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE



There is an atmosphere of "lilies and languor" about "Other People's Houses," by E. B. Dewing. One of the new school of novelists—if one may call a school a group of writers who write in broader, fewer strokes—he lacks the skill and the expression of Galsworthy, whom he somewhat resembles in general characteristics. He does not tell so good a story for one thing, but the story is not the first consideration with either of these writers, but characters; and the utter inevitability of the end from the beginning; any beginning, it doesn't seem to matter much which, the end is equally hopeless. The first suggestion of the present work is an Egyptian proverb on the fly-leaf, which gives a hint of the writer's point of view. "When the soul of man does battle with the forces of nature, it is the forces of nature which are deathless." It is a little too much like limiting nature to quicksands and quagmires. Some go down in them, of course, but there are also the hills, the peaceful valleys, the resinous woods; are not these also "nature," and able to uplift the soul of man instead of always lying in wait for his unwary feet? Besides, who can mark the dividing line between the "Forces of Nature" (always in capitals by these earnest thinkers), and the Soul of Man? Is the "Soul of Man" a thing apart? If Forces of Nature are always triumphant, whence came the Soul of Man? His existence up to the present writing season would indicate a good fighting quality, at least, that might give him reasonable cause to hope.

But as character studies, Mr. Dewing has presented a real group of possible people doing possible things. Like Mrs. Dench, his heroine, if he may be said to have one, each is a "triumphant of personality." He has depicted vividly the scorching, blighting power of love, but, like the one-sided view of nature, there is nowhere a hint of a love that dignifies and uplifts, that purifies and saves. Jane, Mrs. Dench's daughter, the lily that grew undefiled from a doubtful soil, seems to say that in youth alone is eternal promise. And so it is; then why not cheer up? ("Other People's Houses." By E. B. Dewing. The Macmillan Co.)

M. H. C.

"Guatemala and Her People"

There are several cogent reasons why Nevin O. Winter's account of "Guatemala and Her People of Today" is particularly timely just now. President Zelaya's reprehensibly hasty action in causing two Americans to be shot this last week for alleged complicity in the revolution now shaking Nicaragua, involving that republic in international as well as internal disturbance, has caused the eyes of newspaper readers all over the United States once more to be turned toward that turbulent district, composed of Guatemala, Nicaragua, Honduras, Costa Rica and Salvador, lying between Mexico and the Panama canal, greatest of monuments to Yankee enterprise and engineering skill. Cabrera, president of Guatemala, has claimed his share of public attention in the past, and the general fire of trembling, half-suppressed excitement that smolders under the gray ash heap of daily life, thereabouts, with frequently flaring red flames of revolution, has repeatedly caught the popular fancy. Then the future commercial importance of the section upon the completion of the Panama canal and the long-deferred Pan-American railroad, the agricultural possibilities and wealth of tropical offerings so close at hand, assume a lively personal aspect as they become realities. Curiosity demands to know what manner of peoples these are; what are their traditions; how do they live; do they traffic with the world, and if so, what have they to offer; are they worthy of a separate place in the list of nations, and a thousand correlated questions are asked by the "newspaper" citizen. Mr. Winter has taken the jog across country in a most satisfactory fashion to answer all these inquiries, seeing the interesting things that would attract an ordinarily observant individual, and complement-

ing them with broader knowledge that comes to the person who assembles and connects facts definitely. Nor is there the least hint of heaviness.

So much ignorance attaches to the country in the popular mind that little more than a name here and there has a familiar sound. Of the legends and life of the Toltecs not many traces remain, but it is gathered that they far outshone the Aztecs. Through the land made famous by this mysterious civilization of a vanished race, over modern routes the itinerary includes Ocos, Champerico, seaport towns, stopping at Retalhuleu, Escuintla, Guatemala City, El Rancho, inland, on to Puerto Barrios—by mule, part of the way; for the remainder by the deliberate, uncertain narrow-gauge roads, taking time to examine the rich and curious ruins of Quirigua in Guatemala, and Copan in Honduras, completing the tour with a hasty view of Belize, in particular, and Honduras, in general. Think of paying ten or twenty dollars a day for a room. Fortunately, the American eagle represents much more than the play bird of the Guatemalan. The national pastimes for the most part are typical of the taste of the people—brutal, or tawdry and childish. The review of the political struggles of Guatemala is full of color, and, although their efforts appear crude to the modern war of looking at things, they must one day result in form and progress—and in what may seem to unthinking onlookers, at one bound. Forms of government, past and present, religious influences and their place in the growth of these republics are indicative of the heights and the shallowness of intelligence represented. Perhaps the presence of so many volcanoes determines the political atmosphere. There are many points of resemblance, surely.

It seems strange that at the very doors of this great nation are five lesser peoples of picturesque, if undeveloped, manners and characteristics, laying great stress on the term "republic," and proudly claiming the distinction of being Americans. The most interesting general facts regarding the dwellers in a little-known but wondrous land have been dealt with in an attractive

manner. ("Guatemala and Her People of Today." By Nevin O. Winter. L. C. Page & Co.)

BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

Charles Lamb used to say of William Hazlitt, with a pathetic sigh, "I wish he would not quarrel with everybody." Poor Hazlitt! Here is an interesting picture of the brilliant iconoclast at thirty-five, given by Coventry Patmore's father: "A pale anatomy of a man, sitting uneasily on half a chair, his anxious, highly intellectual face looking upon vacancy, emaciate, unstrung, inanimate." But this "poor creature," as he used to call himself, and as one of his more recent biographers notes, "was the launcher forth of the winged word that could shake the hearts of princes and potentates." He fell out with all his friends; with the amiable Leigh Hunt, with the idol of his youth, Coleridge, with Wordsworth and Southey, with Shelley, with Scott. It was De Quincey who declared that "With Hazlitt, whatever is, is wrong." Another said of him that while his egotism was as stupendous as that of Rousseau or Napoleon, he seemed to possess a double consciousness; "with one breath he blesses and curses." Yet if he was inconsistent, if he did not exercise the cardinal virtues, he was always an artist, and whatever he wrote is literature. Either as critic or essayist, he ranks high. He adorns and illumines every subject he touches, and his style is as varied as his themes.

This is the rare subject whose scholarly criticisms on the English comic writers, exquisitely bound in half calf, edited by his son, and published in 1846, was my special find at the Old Book Shop this week. Originally, the contents in this attractive little volume were delivered as lectures at the Surrey (England) Institute, in 1818. His other critical writings are contained in three additional volumes, "The Characters of Shakespeare," "Elizabethan Literature" and "The English Poets." His essays are classed in the volumes "The Spirit of the Age," "The Plain Dealer," "The Round Table" and "Sketches and Essays." Noble enthusiasm and calm judgment a commentator has said mark his essays on Shakespeare's characters, and that what he did for the Elizabethan dramatists was to rediscover their excellence and find them an audi-

ence. Born in 1778, he lived until 1830, his death being hastened by pecuniary difficulties, due to the failure of his publishers. Only his son and his beloved friend, Charles Lamb, were with him when his end came.

* * *

I wish I had the space to dilate on the charm of his style, by turns, gay, semi-sentimental, hard-hitting, judicious, gossipy, "richly embroidered as mediaeval tapestry," grave, chaste, discriminating. "His work molded the genius of his literary juniors," comments the judicious Mr. Saintsbury. It is said that Macaulay owed much to Hazlitt, as did countless others, who studied this inimitable writer to good effect. I have read many definitions of wit and humor, but Hazlitt's viewpoint is so illuminating that I cannot refrain from quoting him. "Humor," he says, "is the describing the ridiculous as it is in itself; wit is the exposing it, by comparing or contrasting it with something else. Humor is, as it were, the growth of nature and accident; wit is the product of art and fancy. Humor, as it is shown in books, is an imitation of the natural or acquired absurdities of mankind, or of the ludicrous in accident, situation and character; wit is the illustrating and heightening the sense of that absurdity by some sudden and unexpected likeness or opposition of one thing to another, which sets off the quality we laugh at or despise in a still more contemptible or striking point of view."

* * *

I should like to dilate on the contrasting criticisms on Shakespeare and Ben Jonson's comedies. Of the great bard's comic muse, he finds this fault, that it is too good natured and magnanimous. It mounts above its quarry. But his style is "excellent, liberal, and unrestrained, while that of Jonson's he classes as 'dry, literal and meager.' But even as there are those who cannot taste olives, so Hazlitt seems not to be able to relish "rare old Ben," although he does not deny his power or his merit. Cowley, Butler, Suckling and Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh and Farquhar all come under his masterly ken, and his exposition of their

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merits and demerits are alike inspiring and illuminating. The periodical essayists receive his attention, those "moral historians, whose premises precede their conclusions," from Montaigne to Steel, Addison, Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith. Next he turns his attention to the English novelists, Fielding, Smollett, Richardson and Sterne, first, however, glancing at "Don Quixote" and "Gil Blas," forerunners of "Roderick Random" and "Joseph Andrews." An entire chapter is devoted to Hogarth, whose comedy was written on canvas, and, finally, he gives us his views on the comic writers of the last century, in which he answers the same question we of this day and age are asking: "Why there are, comparatively so few good modern comedies?" "It is because," he says, "so many excellent comedies have been written that there are none written at present." Would that I could dwell on this delightful exposition. I have read and re-read the lecture, each time finding more and more to admire in it. The comic muse has not suffered at Hazlitt's hands. To quote Dick Steele: "It is a very good office one man does another, when he tells him the manner of his being pleased." This is what William Hazlitt has done for posterity.

S. T. C.

Mr. and Mrs. George I. Cochran of this city, with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Davis, also of Los Angeles, left in the earlier part of the week for a month's visit in New York.



By Blanche Rogers Lott

The Philharmonic course of artists' concerts opened most auspiciously Thursday evening of last week, when Madame Jeanne Jomelli, the most beautiful-voiced, perfectly trained singer this city has heard in many a year, if not ever, sung in recital. Here is a soprano voice of extensive range, wondrously rich, and of velvet quality, which gives joy every minute. If one wants a big, full, high tone, it is there, and with it comes the impression that there is a never-failing reserve, which never needs drawing upon. If a delicious sotto voce voice is required, as in Chaminade's exquisite "Chanson de Neige," it is there. The real test of her vocal powers was demonstrated in Mozart's "Re Pastori," in which, at the close of a long program, including generous encores, her consummate art was at its height. Aside from all this, her sincerely charming personality has won for her a place by the side of Schumann-Heink in Southern California. Mme. Jomelli's associate artist, Marie Nichols, is a violinist of splendid training, sterling musicianship and superb poise, mental and temperamental. These two artists will be always welcome in the land they admired so much.

A sight that made all loyal Los Angelenos proud was a long, long line of people (at one time it reached to Hill street), waiting to procure tickets to the first concert of the season given by the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, last Friday. It was certainly the largest audience to attend a symphony concert. If the people, in the mass, were proud of this splendid response, the audience in turn showed pride in the work of the orchestra and its conductor, Harley Hamilton, by much enthusiasm. A first concert, after several months' cessation of rehearsals, of necessity reveals this interruption, but the work of the orchestra was commendable. For the most part the Dvorak "New World" symphony was played extremely well. Most satisfactory was the symphonic poem, "Zorahayda," by Svendsen. From all points this was one of the best productions of the orchestra. Of special mention should be the incidental violin solo played by Concertmaster Arnold Krauss with delightful tone and phrasing. The overture by Busoni is a stupendous composition from a structural standpoint, and intensely interesting. The orchestra deserves much credit for presenting this novelty, and it could be repeated with profit to everyone. The work of the basses needs attention. The demands put upon these players in their everyday, routine work are slight, but their part in this orchestra is tremendously important, and more individual practice on the part of the five men will bring it to where it should be. The soloist, Mme. Jomelli, was received enthusiastically and sang her two arias as only such a great singer can. Especially effective was the aria from "Queen of Sheba" (Gounod), for the accompaniment was more familiar to the orchestra, and it was sung with magnificent abandon. The aria from Massenet's "Thais" is one of the singer's triumphs always. It should be understood by the audience attending these concerts that by request of the board of directors, no more encores with piano accompaniments are to be allowed. This is as it should be. People do not, or should not, go to symphony orchestra concerts to hear ballads sung or encore pieces played by the soloists with the piano accompaniments. They are only pleasurable when a first-class grand piano is placed properly and an Arthur Nikisch or other great director-pianist plays the accompaniment.

Mr. Archibald Sessions gave his second organ recital last week, Wednesday, to a large audience. As this was Mr. Sessions' seventy-seventh program, it is hardly to be wondered that he is presenting many novelties. However, the special one on this occasion, Prelude and Fugue by Sjogren, was a disappointment. One listened in vain for

an inspirational moment. This composer has written such charming songs and sonatas that the disappointment in this number was keen. "The Melodie" by Rachmaninoff was an exquisite bit of melody, though one longed to hear the accompaniment and inner harmonic structure. An organist always labors at a disadvantage in not being able to hear his instrument in a satisfactory manner. A certain indistinctness in the frequently recurring theme in Bach's Toccata in F may have been occasioned by the same defect. The andante from Beethoven's fifth symphony was a splendid piece of registration and interpretation, and Vienne's Finale, from his first organ symphony, was most effective. Mrs. Phillip Zobelein sang "Evening and Morning," by Max Spicer, extremely well, and is to be commended for her clear diction. The next recital will be given Wednesday evening next, Mrs. Edmund Shank, soprano, assisting, and the program is:

Fantasia (Saint-Saens). "To the Evening Star" (Wagner). Gavotte (Martini). "Largo" (from the "New World Symphony") (Dvorak). Marche Nuptiale (Guilmant). Soprano. "Die Alhambra" (Schubert). Overture. "William Tell" (Rossini).

The program of the American Music Society concert, which will be given Thursday evening at Simpson Auditorium, should be of interest to every patriotic musician or citizen. Among other things, the constitution of this organization says:

The object of the society shall be to advance the interests of a creative musical art in the United States of America, by: (1) The study and performance of the works of American composers; (2) the study of all folk-music touching the development of music in America; (3) the publication of articles, discussions, or any significant matter relative to this development; (4) the establishment of centers of the society throughout the United States.

On the national board of management are the names of Walter Damrosch, G. W. Chadwick, F. X. Arens, Charles M. Loeffler, Ernest Kroeger, David Bispham, Arthur Farwell and Harley Hamilton. In Boston such names as Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Margaret Ruthven Lang and Mr. Chadwick are prominent in the management of the society. Here in Los Angeles,

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ward MacDowell), Miss Alice Coleman. Songs, Seed Song (Huntington Woodman), Serenade (W. H. Neidlinger), "Springtime" (W. G. Hammond), Mrs. Bertha Vaughn. Trio, Adagio Molto-Allegro Con moto (from Op. 5) (Arthur Foote); piano, Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott; violin, Arnold Krauss; cello, Ludwik Opil. Chorus. "The Voice of Fate" (Berwald). Woman's Lyric Club.

The second event of the Philharmonic course takes place next Tuesday evening at Simpson Auditorium, and will be a recital by a singer of whom America should be proud, George Ham-

lin, tenor. He has gained steadily for years in the artistic world, and is now called, rightly, America's greatest tenor. His program is:

"Die Linde im Thal," "Lindenlaub," "O Sleep" (Old German). "The Trumpet's Loud Clangor" (Händel). "Im Abendroth" (Schubert). "Stille Thraenen," "In's Freie" (Schumann). "Es blinkt der Thau" (Rubinstein). "Botschaft" (Brahms). "Im Kahne" (Grieg). "Heimliche Aufforderung" (Strauss). "Morning Hymn" (Henschei). "At the Window," "Morning" (Henschei). "The Crying of Water" (Campbell-Tipton). "Your Eyes," "Flower Rain" (Edwin Schneider). "The Lamp of Love" (Mary Turner Salter).

This is that wonderful man's program:

"Der Wanderer," "Du Heilst mich nicht," "Der Doppelgänger," "Erkennung" (Schubert); "Die Taubenpost," "Die Forelle," "Albino," "Eifersucht und Stolz," "Das Lied im Grunen," "Der Musensohn" (Schubert); "Auf dem Kirchhofe," "Verrat" (Brahms); "Fussreise," "Der Gartner" (Hugo Wolf); "Das Lied des Steinklopfers," "Cecile" (Richard Strauss); "Mit Myrthen und Rosen," "Der Soldat," Waldesgespräch," "Die Beiden Grenadiere" (Schumann).

Conrad Bos, the Dutch pianist is Dr. Wullner's accompanist, and one of the very best. There has been more controversy over Dr. Wullner than any other singer in many years, in his own country as well as others. As an interpreter, he stands supreme—this is acknowledged—and his marvelous success in America last season and this proves the state of music in the United States is high.

The Dominant Club will be provided with a musical treat at the regular monthly meeting next Saturday, when Bertram Shapleigh's wonderfully fine setting of Poe's "Raven" will be given by a mixed quartet, the soprano and alto of which are Mesdames Shank and Dreyfus. It is reported that a cycle by the same composer will be given for the Ebell Club in December, the title being "The Romance of the Year," words by Mrs. Shapleigh, who is best known for her clever translations for Breitkopf and Hartel.

Miss Marie Elliott will give her third lecture at the Alexandria, Saturday morning, December 4, and the program numbers of the next symphony concert will be the subject.

Who thinks this city is not becoming musical in a real metropolitan man-

(Continued on Page Eleven)



GEORGE HAMLIN, AMERICA'S GREATEST TENOR, IN RECITAL

leading musicians are taking a vital interest in the local center. Harley Hamilton is acting president, and the music committee consists of Miss Margaret Goetz, Waldo F. Chase, Mr. Pemberton, Frank H. Colby, J. B. Poulin and Mrs. Lott, who have arranged this program for the first concert of the society:

Organ. Concert Piece No. 2 (B major) (Horatio Parker). Suite No. 3 (one movement) (Arthur Foote). Triumphant March (Dudley Buck). Chorus. "With Revels and Wassails" (Huntington Woodman). "Little Pappoose" (Josephine Sherwood). Flower Song (Mrs. H. H. A. Beach). Woman's Lyric Club. Songs. "Sayonara" (Homer N. Bartlett). "Beat Upon Mine" (Homer N. Bartlett). "Song of the Sword" (H. Clough-Leigher). Edwin House. Ladies' Quartet. "Thistle-down" (George W. Chadwick). "The Rose and the Moth" (Abbie Norton). Mesdames Bertha Vaughn, Grace M. Stivers, Misses Beresford Joy, Katherine Ebbert. Piano. Celtic Sonata (Ed-

lin, tenor. He has gained steadily for years in the artistic world, and is now called, rightly, America's greatest tenor. His program is:

"Die Linde im Thal," "Lindenlaub," "O Sleep" (Old German). "The Trumpet's Loud Clangor" (Händel). "Im Abendroth" (Schubert). "Stille Thraenen," "In's Freie" (Schumann). "Es blinkt der Thau" (Rubinstein). "Botschaft" (Brahms). "Im Kahne" (Grieg). "Heimliche Aufforderung" (Strauss). "Morning Hymn" (Henschei). "At the Window," "Morning" (Henschei). "The Crying of Water" (Campbell-Tipton). "Your Eyes," "Flower Rain" (Edwin Schneider). "The Lamp of Love" (Mary Turner Salter).

His accompanist, Edwin Schneider, is a popular Chicago composer.

Dr. Wullner, the famous lieder singer who appears at Simpson Auditorium



Truly a magnificent exhibition of paintings is that which opened last Monday at the Kanst art gallery on South Spring street. Mr. Kanst is to be congratulated on having gathered a collection of canvases in every way representative of the art of America, and especially that of landscape painting. Competent critics agree that the landscape painters of America are the equals if not the superiors of the best artists of any country in that particular medium. Three of the greatest painters of the generation, and these Americans, have not only not confined themselves to landscapes, but have, on the contrary, excelled chiefly in figure and portraiture. Reference is had to Whistler—probably the greatest master of the nineteenth century—Sargent and Abbey. At the same time, American painters are better represented by landscapes than by figure painting. America now seems to have an art of her own in landscape painting. Her painters seem to have struck a happy medium between the ultra impressionism of the French school and the carefully-studied methods of the English school.

This is particularly noticeable in the canvas shown by Mr. Edward Henry Potthast. Here is a painter who is able to give light and atmosphere without the disadvantage of the rather monotonous spots so inseparable to the Frenchman. Mr. Potthast is an American-trained artist, who has taken numerous prizes at the various exhibitions at which he has exhibited. The only surprise is that he has not taken more. A more beautiful canvas than his "Hazy October Day" it would be hard to conceive. In the foreground are seen oak trees shedding their leaves, which vary in tone from bright yellows to the loveliest oranges, with an occasional spot of bright vermillion. These oaks grow by the side of a river, which loses itself in the most beautiful gray mist. The music of the whole scene is so exquisite that, although thoroughly true to nature, it is unfortunately a nature that is seen by few—these few being the observant ones.

Another painter to which the same remarks may be applied, is Mr. Charles Melville Dewey, at one time a pupil of Carolus Duran. Here again nature is seen through a temperament. Here again, too, one finds light and atmosphere without the spots. Light, which is necessary to the management of color, and color, which he loves for color's sake, he commands to a most unusual service. He makes a hue repeat itself in slightly varying tints, greens upon greens, reds upon reds, mauves upon mauves; he mingles the varieties of colors in their greatest intensities, and the result is brilliancy of style. In spite of the lovely music which exhales from his canvas, "The Druid Oak" there is a movement and transparency in this artist's work that give a feeling of reality. The lights in this painter's canvases are all "en plein air," coming from all directions in the most modern treatment. Another beautiful work shown by this painter is "Sunshine and Shadow," a work of the most musical intent. A shepherd is seen standing, resting, while his flock meanders down a country lane, evidently somewhere in the marsh country that is peculiar to Essex, England. The eye wanders down a vista to lights that are superb in their brilliancy, shining through hazy clouds, which, at times, soften into shadows. On the right is a farm house, with two oaks, and through which this brilliant light shines with an extraordinary intensity. In this canvas one discovers, on stepping back a few feet from the picture, an effect of detail that would satisfy the most exacting pre-Raphaelite, and a breadth of handling which a most rabid impressionist would be unable to quibble at. As an illustration of the wonderfully clever technique of this painter, this canvas is an excellent example. The front of the picture is painted with remarkably delicate detail, and in the distant parts there is a similar suggestion conveyed of the worthiness of the scene to be minutely studied. There

is not a square inch in the composition that is without individual interest, and yet this elaborate mosaic unifies into a single expression of spaciousness; for the relative significance of each plane in the picture has been shrewdly realized. The eye is invited to travel back to the remotest part of the ground, and up into the expanse of sky. This is the primary invitation of the picture, as would be the actual scene, and then follows, if you have eyes for it, the beckoning in this and that direction to the separate interest of the various parts. This accurate rendering of the effect of intervening atmosphere upon the receding forms and colors, brings the atmosphere itself into the picture.

Quite a different painter is Mr. John C. Johansen, the Danish-American. Although born in Copenhagen, he was educated at the Julian Academy in Paris. This artist is quite young, having been born in 1876, a fact which does not seem in any wise to be discernible in his canvases that are exhibited. For pure decorations of great beauty, they are hard to beat. Perfect in coloring, broadly handled, he has given the effect of a lovely piece of tapestry, seen at a distance. The Japanese influence is very noticeable in these canvases.

Leonard Ochtman is another painter typically American. There seems to be an earnestness and simplicity, in fact, of a more obvious conviction in American landscape painting than in French as a whole. The Americans do not seem to be painting in obedience to a vogue, still less with the purpose of creating one; they are not thrashing around for motives that will electrify, by shock or thrill, and prove a brief sensation; nor, on the other hand, do they seem bent on displaying the benefits of this or that method of technique. The work for the most part is simple and straightforward, penetrated with realism and tempered with deep musical feeling; not less suggestive of the true painter, like facility of brush work, and yet showing advanced acquisition in technique. These qualities of earnest force, of directly independent vision and strong, straightforward treatment, are singularly conspicuous in Mr. Ochtman's pictures. Judging from the artist's pictures, he seems to have found a retreat somewhere in the Catskill Mountains. Grounded on his own stalwart individuality, he has kept himself aloof from the truck and scrimmage of conventional life, and filled his soul with the vastness of nature. How instances of this isolation from the world multiply in the story of art: Watteau, retreating into the impenetrability of his own soul; Delacroix and Puvis de Chavannes into their barred studios; Rousseau, Millet and the remainder of their brotherhood into the recesses of the forest. Such isolation seems to be the road to greatness; partly because the man himself must have the elements of greatness in him to wish to do without the constant reinforcement of the world, where men and women prop their shoulders together and make believe they are standing independently.

"Autumn Days" and "Evening Glow" are both canvases of perfect rest and peace. The brown of autumn has been painted with the utmost truth. These are pictures that would grow on the owner who was lucky enough to be able to hang them in his library or hall. They would assimilate themselves to him and would grow with him.

Mr. Eanger Irving Couse, a pupil of Bougereau and Robert Tony Fleury, is a painter of Indian life and the desert. To many a young student, regretfully turning his back on the few bright years of study in Paris, has come the question, "What must I do to be saved?" Hoping all things, believing all things of his single determination to succeed, he feels within him a capacity, but how shall he apply it? Doubtless there are two classes of such aspirants—those who look around them for suggestion and those who look within. Among the latter seems to be Mr. Couse. Knowing him only in the light of his later work, we may feel it one of the anomalies of art that his master in Paris should have been Bougereau. Certainly, one of the things that Mr. Couse seems to have learned in Paris is the feeling for form. A faculty which seems to be inherent with him is that of seizing upon the reality of things and of keeping close to facts. Mr. Couse is a painter who has penetrated into

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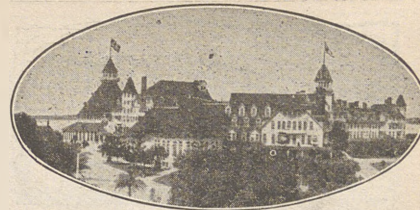
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the life and thought of the Indian, and more than that has re-created in his pictures something of the primeval world, its vast isolation, silence and mystery. As for instance in his picture, "The Hunter's Return." An Indian is seen entering a clump of trees on his return from the chase, which has not been an unfruitful one, as is evidenced by the large goose which he carries in his left hand. Even while walking he has all that stealthiness of tread so inseparable from the born hunter. In the distance is seen a landscape so vast, yet a mere fragment of seclusion in the immensity of the desert. Besides this canvas, he shows two interiors, both of Indian life, one being "The Fireside," the other the "Idol Maker," both of which are significantly bright scenes in the life of the red man.

This exhibition will be permanent, although several of the pictures will be returned to the artists if unsold after December 4. Twenty of the sixty-one canvases shown come direct from the Yukon-Alaska exposition. The gallery will be open to the public daily from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and Sundays from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. Mr. Kanst has given several receptions to local clubs. The public of Los Angeles is under a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Kanst in his endeavors to bring to this field works that are worthy to hang in the finest of homes.



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FOURTH AND SPRING



By Ruth Burke

Among the most delightful of the week's society affairs, in which the members of the younger set participated, was the theater party and supper given Tuesday evening by Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., of 1360 West Adams street, in honor of Miss Macneil, who, with her mother, Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil, left the latter part of the week for a six weeks' trip to the east. The guests occupied boxes at the Belasco Theater, and following the performance enjoyed supper at Levy's. Besides the guest of honor, Mrs. Holterhoff's guests included Mrs. Macneil, Mrs. Kate S. Vosburg, Mrs. Grace Porter, Miss Kate Van Nuys, Miss Katherine Clark, Miss Sallie Utley, Miss Katherine Graves, Mr. Volney Howard, Mr. James Slauson, Mr. Judy, Dr. Bertrand Smith, Mr. Kay Crawford, Dr. Cunningham and Mr. Percy Conroy.

One of the most brilliant of the season's society affairs was the musical given Wednesday at the Ebell club house by Mrs. F. W. Flint, Jr., of Chester place, in compliment to Mrs. Robert Flint, formerly Miss Margaret Gray of Evansville, Ind., who has recently returned from her wedding trip abroad. The club rooms, which so readily lend themselves to attractive decorations, were arranged with quantities of chrysanthemums and Woodwardia ferns. About three hundred guests responded to invitations and Mrs. Flint was assisted in receiving by Meses. F. W. Flint, Sr., O. T. Johnson, Fred O. Johnson, Willard J. Doran, Harry Gray, Ezra T. Stimson, F. W. Phillips, H. D. Lombard and Miss Candace Johnson. The program was presented by Mrs. Robert Wankowski, Miss Helen Louise Davis, Miss Harriet Johnson and Miss Winifred Rohrer.

In honor of their son, Mr. Arthur George Keating, and his young bride, formerly Miss Marie Adele Gray, who have just returned from the east, where their marriage took place, Major and Mrs. H. M. Russell of 718 West Adams street last evening gave a supper and theater party. About fourteen guests were entertained, and following the repast at the home of Major and Mrs. Russell, boxes were occupied at the Belasco Theater. Sunday evening, Major and Mrs. Russell will entertain with an informal tea at their home for Mr. and Mrs. Keating, who will leave the following day for Bakersfield, where Mr. Keating has charge of a mine. When visiting in Los Angeles, Mr. Keating and his bride will make their home with Major and Mrs. Russell, and upon their planned return for the holiday season, they will be entertained at several delightful affairs.

One of the most brilliant of next week's society affairs will be the tea which Mrs. Cummins B. Jones of 2101 Gramercy place will give Tuesday, November 30, in compliment to her sister, Mrs. Frank Henry Reilly, of Buffalo, N. Y., who is her house guest for a part of the winter. Guests will be received between the hours of 3 and 5 o'clock. Decorations will be of cut flowers and potted palms, and the hostess will be assisted in receiving by Meses. Henry C. Lee, W. P. Bishop, Jr., Walter Leeds, Donald Frick, Frank J. Thomas, Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., Harry D. Lombard, C. C. Parker, Lynn Helm, Scott Helm, John Foster, Frank R. Kelsey, Cameron E. Thom, W. D. Brown, Wesley Clark; Meses Clara Carpenter, Louise Burke, Helen Brant and Florence Brown.

As a surprise to their many friends was the announcement made the first of the week by Mr. and Mrs. George Mitchell of South Figueroa street of the marriage of their daughter, Miss Philippa Mitchell, to Mr. Robert M. Fulton of this city. The ceremony was celebrated in St. Paul's pro-cathedral last Saturday afternoon in the presence of members of the two families, Rev. William MacCormack, D.D., officiating. The young couple were unattended, and the bride, attired in her going-away gown, was given away by her father. The bride, who is a popular member of the younger set, had planned a trip to Europe in company

with friends, but at the last minute was persuaded to make her trip a honeymoon. Mr. and Mrs. Fulton left immediately after the ceremony for San Francisco, whence they sailed on the Manchuria for Japan, from where they will later start on a tour of the world. Mr. Fulton, who is a prominent young business man here, is a direct descendant of Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat.

Among the attractive entertainments of recent date was the informal tea given Friday of last week by Brigadier General and Mrs. Charles D. Viele of Raymond avenue, in compliment to Mrs. George Edwards, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Edwards. The house was prettily decorated for the occasion, quantities of Maman Cochet roses being used in the drawing room, while the dining room was artistically arranged with red carnations and greenery. The affair was informal, and guests included only members of the army circle here, comprising besides the guest of honor, Lieutenant-General and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Brigadier-General and Mrs. George H. Burton, Brigadier and Mrs. Rodney of Hollywood, Major and Mrs. Elon F. Willcox, Mr. and Mrs. True of Pasadena, Mrs. Paul Compton, Jr., of Hollywood, Mrs. McGoodwin and daughter, Miss McGoodwin, of Redondo, who are passing the winter here; Mrs. Rollins, Mrs. Hamilton Bowman Rollins and Miss Edith Minor, sister of the hostess. Mrs. Edwards has been visiting at Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, with her daughter, Mrs. William Clarke, wife of Lieutenant Clarke of the artillery. She remained in Los Angeles for a few days, leaving Sunday evening for San Francisco, whence she sailed Wednesday for the Philippines to join her husband.

One of the fairest of the debutantes of this season will be Miss Katherine Stearns, daughter of Col. and Mrs. John Eldridge Stearns of 27 St. James Park, who will make her formal debut at a large reception which her mother will give Wednesday afternoon, December 1. Assisting Mrs. Stearns and her daughter will be Miss Elizabeth Wood and Miss Florence Wood, the attractive young daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood, the Misses Ives and a number of the debutant contingent.

Mrs. Charles O. Nourse of Berkeley Square was hostess yesterday at a delightful reception given in compliment to her daughter, Miss Virginia Nourse. The appointments were simple but attractive, roses and chrysanthemums being used in the house decorations. Receiving with and assisting Mrs. Nourse and Miss Nourse were Meses. Stoddard Jess, Percy Clark, Walter Leeds, Will Richardson, M. E. Ericson, Will Chase; Meses Louise Burke, Mary Lindsey, Florence Clark, Madeline King, Marie Bobrick, Florence Brown, Marie Stockard, Clarice Stevens and Barbara Burkhalter.

Mrs. Hugh Livingston Macneil of South Figueroa street was hostess Thursday evening at a handsomely appointed dinner of sixteen covers. Yesterday Mrs. Macneil and her daughter, Miss Macneil left for a six weeks' stay in the east, where they will visit with Miss Macneil's brother, Mr. Sayre Macneil, who is attending the law school at Harvard.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Walsh of 403 South Alvarado street entertained informally at dinner last Sunday evening in honor of Col. and Mrs. George F. Cooke, who are guests at Hotel Hayward, during Col. Cooke's leave of absence from Fort Gibbon, Alaska, where he is commanding officer. Several other delightful affairs have been given in compliment to Col. and Mrs. Cooke, who will remain in the city another week or so.

Mrs. Walter Leeds of Berkeley Square has issued cards for a tea to be given at her home Wednesday afternoon, December 1.

Amid all the Thanksgiving festivities, Master Cupid did not neglect his professional interests, and Thursday evening, under his direction, was solemnized the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Rank, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Rank of 2720 Woodlawn avenue, to Mr. Henry O. Witte. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's parents, and was witnessed only by the two families. Rev. Baker P. Lee officiated. The bride wore a white satin gown, made en train, with pearl and lace trimmings. Her veil was held in place by a wreath of orange blossoms,

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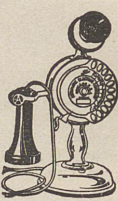
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and she carried a shower bouquet of sweetpeas. Miss Eva Ansley was maid of honor. Her gown was a pretty one of pineapple cloth, made over white silk. She carried pink carnations. Mr. Lawrence Rank was best man. Following an informal reception, Mr. and Mrs. Waitse left for a fortnight's trip to the northern part of the state. After December 15 they will be at home at 2720 Woodlawn avenue, pending their settlement later in their own home. Many handsome wedding gifts were received from the numerous friends of the bride and groom.

One of the delightful affairs of Thanksgiving day was the dinner and card party given at Hotel Westmoore, at which State Senator Clay Tallman of Rhyolite, Nev., and his bride, formerly Miss Jean S. Robertson of Rawlins, Wyo., were special guests. The banquet hall was artistically decorated for the occasion with quantities of carnations, chrysanthemums and greenery, and following the dinner cards were played by the guests. Senator Tallman and Miss Robertson were married in Riverside, and later will go to Nevada to make their home. Senator Tallman is prominent in political and mining circles, and his bride, who is an attractive young society woman, has a wide circle of friends in this city, where she has lived for the last year. at Hotel Westmoore.

Mrs. John P. Jones and daughter, Miss Georgina Jones, of Miramar, Santa Monica, returned this week to their home after a stay of several weeks at Arrowhead Springs. Miss Jones, who has been in New York for a number of months, joined her mother at Arrowhead a fortnight or so ago.

Miss Marjorie Utley of Menlo avenue have returned from a ten days' trip to the north, where she visited with friends in Oakland and Piedmont. Miss Inez Clark, who went north with Miss Utley, returned home the first of this week, also. Both young women witnessed the Stanford-Berkeley football game.

In compliment to Miss Edith Davenport of New York, who is the house guest here of her sister, Mrs. Fowler Shankland, Mrs. Robert W. Poindexter and her daughter, Miss Romaine Poindexter, of West Adams street, entertained Monday with a handsomely appointed tea. About ninety guests enjoyed the occasion, and the hostesses were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Shankland and Mrs. Curtis Williams.

One of the most delightful of Monday's social affairs was the informal at home which Mrs. Samuel Jackson Whitmore of Hotel Alexandria gave for her many friends. Large yellow chrysanthemums were used in the decoration of the reception rooms. Receiving with Mrs. Whitmore were Mes. William Irving Hollingsworth, James T. Fitzgerald, Richard D. Bronson, Walter Perry Story, Carl Kurtz, Henderson Hayward, F. W. Hawk, W. W. Johnston and Mrs. W. W. Mines. Mrs. Whitmore will entertain with a similar affair next Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Franklyn Badger, whose summer home is at Gun Lake, Mich., arrived Tuesday from the east to pass the winter months here as has been their custom for several years. They have taken a house at 1649 Hobart boulevard for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Badger are the parents of Mr. Harry Badger of the city engineer's department.

Mrs. W. J. Porter of 2907 Hobart boulevard was hostess Thanksgiving day at an artistically appointed dinner party. Maman Cochet roses, intermingled with smilax, formed an effective decoration. Covers were laid for fifteen, and among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Crutcher, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Page, Jr., and Mr. James Page.

Mrs. George La Payette Crenshaw of 1419 Wilton place, and her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Carlisle Wilson, entertained Tuesday afternoon with a bridge luncheon in compliment to Mrs. George R. L. Crenshaw and Mrs. Loren O. Crenshaw, two charming young women, whose weddings were recent events of interest. The decorations were particularly effective. The stairway was arranged with large jardinières filled with yellow chrysanthemums. In the dining room white chrysanthemums were used. In the living room the flowers were in pink, and chrysanthemums of bronze color were utilized in the library. The score cards were hand-painted with yellow chrysanthemums. About seventy guests enjoyed the afternoon.

Invitations have been issued by Miss Mathilde Bartlett of West Adams street for a large dancing party to be given at her home Monday evening, December 20.

Miss Lilly M. Olshausen of St. Andrews place was hostess last evening at a prettily appointed dancing party given for a number of her friends. The affair was informal, and Miss Olshausen was assisted by her mother.

Among the Los Angelans registering at Del Monte the week ending Sunday, November 21, were Dr. Andrew Stewart Lobingier, Mrs. Charles L. Stevens, Mrs. F. P. Burch and maid, and Mr. John S. McGroarty. Mr. Chester G. Murphy of Portland, Ore., who is well known in this city, where he has visited, also stayed a few days at the popular northern hotel.

Mrs. John Wesley Tomlin of 720 West Twenty-eighth street has issued invitations for a musical to be given Wednesday, December 8.

Mrs. Edwin T. Earl of Wilshire boulevard gave an informal bridge party at her home Monday afternoon. Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. Earl left for their country home, "Wild Rose," near Chino, to pass Thanksgiving day and the week-end.

Invitations soon are to be issued for the opening of the Hotel Virginia Country Club. Society folk from Los Angeles and Pasadena are to be included among the guests, and the opening affair will be one of the most delightful of the winter functions. The club is situated in a picturesque spot in the Los Alamitos Rancho.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Garnsey of this city, who recently returned from an extended trip abroad, have taken apartments at Hotel Maryland, Pasadena, for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Birney Donnell, the latter formerly Miss May Cotter, will be at home to their friends Thursdays at 1221 West Adams street.

Miss Katherine Harper of Evanston, Ill., is a guest for the winter of Mrs. E. W. Halliday of West Adams street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. DeB. Brookings of Redlands were among last week's visitors at Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Goodno of Pasadena have been passing a few days of their honeymoon at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Waters have moved from 633 West Thirty-second street to 928 West Twenty-eighth street, where Mrs. Waters will receive her friends.

At the home of Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, 2329 South Figueroa street, Tuesday, was held the annual tea for the Neighborhood Settlement Workers. Receiving with Mrs. Barlow were Mes. Henry T. Lee, A. C. Stilson, Enoch Knight, Spencer Smith, Mark Rice, Albert Crutcher, Isaac Milbank and John T. Griffith. They were assisted by Mes. Alfred Solano, Joseph H. Johnson, Thomas Lee, Charles Murphy, George H. Wigmore, Baker P. Lee, Lewis G. Morris, William McCormack, A. M. Smith, W. W. Dodge and Mes. Romaine Poindexter, Inez Clark, Dorothy Leonard, Edna Weaver, Marion Wigmore and Margaret Hughes.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Perkins of South Pasadena have taken apartments at the Hampden Arms, 516 West Fifth street, for the winter.

Of interest to many friends was the marriage, Wednesday evening, of Miss Annetta Hoegge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Hoegge of Hollywood, to Mr. A. Elwood Flinn. The ceremony took place at the family home, Rev. C. W. Hawkins officiating. The bride was attired in an elaborate gown of cream messaline satin, made princess and trimmed with hand-made lace and braid. She carried lilies of the valley. Miss Ruth Hoegge, sister of the bride, was her maid of honor. She wore a gown of pale blue silk and carried an arm bouquet of forget-me-nots. Mr. Edwin Hoegge was best man. White and pink carnations and greenery formed a pretty decoration in the home. Mr. and Mrs. Flinn will enjoy a short wedding trip, and will make their home in Santa Ana, where Mr. Flinn is associated with the Santa Fe railroad.

Little Sermons on Health

Weekly Department Written for The Graphic by Dr. L. L. Denny, Health Scientist.

The first thing upon opening your eyes in the morning, deem it a duty to begin the day's efforts by stretching the muscles of the face, and when these muscles have extended to the utmost, pucker the obicularis oris and a smile will be produced. This exercise brightens the face, smooths out wrinkles, causes the mind to become tranquil, and is a good thing for your wife and friends. Try it.

Eating.

The old adage still holds true, "that which is one man's meat is another man's poison." Each person must be a law unto himself, but there are four distinct rules that apply to everyone.

Do not eat too much, too fast, or too often, and be careful of the combinations. Too much always manifests itself by a disagreeable stuffy feeling immediately following a meal. It also signifies that you have taken into the stomach food which was not thoroughly chewed or tasted.

Eating too fast lays the foundation for dyspepsia and chronic constipation. One should eat slow and chew fast. Do not make the mistake of eating slow and chewing slow.

Eating three times a day is too often. You can wax strong and keep healthy on two meals a day. If you have never tried this, you have no reason to dispute the statement. Eat a light breakfast and an evening meal, and if you think you cannot stand it at noon, eat the juice of a little ripe fruit.

Be careful of combinations, better eat more of a few foods than a little of many. Milk and coffee are not affinities, neither are meat and milk. Do not let these articles sojourn in your stomach at the same time. The least liquids you consume at meals the better.

Taking into your stomach an over amount of half-chewed food irritates the peripheral endings of sensory nerves and this constant irritation induces contraction and interferes with the normal operation of the nerve impulse, and because of this nerve impulse becoming obstructed, nature is not even capable of caring for a small quantity of food, let alone the large amount with which the stomach is usually burdened.

When this permanent chronic condition is induced by incorrect eating, a return to right living will assist nature in creating the normal, but it will not eradicate the permanent chronic obstructions which have, because of years of indiscretion, been placed upon the nerves.

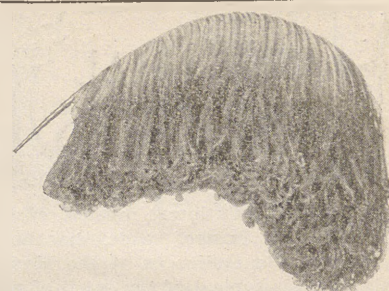
The nerve impulse must have unobstructed operating channels, for this impulse absolutely controls the functioning of all organs. After a normal nervous system has been created, health in all body tissue is the inevitable result. But it must be remembered that health is soon lost if the old habits are again resumed. Of what import is it if you are made well and because of immediately resuming old habits do not keep well?

Music and Musicians

(Continued From Page Eight)

ner? December 7, two violinists appear in recital, Mr. Haroldi, assisted by Miss O'Donoghue, at Blanchard Hall, and Mr. Kopta, with Mr. Von Stein's assistance at Simpson Auditorium.

An audience of good size was interested in the lecture, "The Ministry of Music," given by Bertha Hirsch Baruch, Tuesday evening, at Simpson Auditorium. Mrs. Baruch began with the ancient Hebraic and Gregorian chants, which typified earnestness, solemnity; Mrs. Vaughn in the aria from "Carmen" (Bizet), typifying soul conflict; Piano Romanza (Schumann), Mr. Strobbridge, reflection, calm; "Morning Hymn" (Henschel), ecstasy, joy. The excellent program of music elucidated the capable lecture clearly. In a smaller hall, the evening would have been more enjoyable and instructive, for it was with great difficulty that one heard the speaker Mrs. Vaughn is always a sincere singer, and a careful preparation of the long, difficult program was evident. Mrs. Vaughn has her voice under excellent control, and the quality is lovely, with the exception of a too



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forceful attack on high notes, which seems to be on the increase. The beautiful lyric things are more suited to the singer, and "L'Heure Exquise" (Hahn) was exquisitely given, as was Mr. Schoenfeld's new slumber song (words by Mrs. Baruch), which is a musicianly, tender bit of writing. Mr. Strobbridge played the accompaniments exceedingly well and two solos with decided improvement in tone, notwithstanding a poor instrument.

Mrs. Erasmus Wilson of Chester place has returned home after four months' travel in the east.



George Cohan's latest musical effort, "The Yankee Prince," which has been delighting big audiences at the Mason this week, is typical of the spirit of unrest that pervades the American life today. Save for the occasional pauses injected by Tom Lewis as Steve Daly, there is an accelerated tempo throughout, with a corresponding fortissimo of vocal expression equally nerve-destroying. Yet it is all so well done, dancing, singing, drilling and costuming, that ear and eye are fascinated, and only after the final curtain falls is one conscious of physical fatigue, following a tense two hours and a half.

Mr. Cohan calls his clever musical comedy a timely satire on titled fortune-hunters, and perhaps it is. No matter the excuse, it is a capital vehicle for many catchy lyrics, much bright dialogue, numerous and novel stage pictures by remarkably well-drilled choruses, good dancing and attractive ensembles. As Percy Springer, the millionaire youth in love with the daughter of a Chicago merchant prince, who seeks a ducal alliance for his heiress, George Cohan wins her affection, outwits the father and supercedes the Earl of Weymouth as the Fielding son-in-law. The first act introduces the principals in the tea room of the Savoy Hotel, London. The second shows the exterior of Windsor Castle, a triumph in stage effects, heightened by the exceedingly clever gun drill and marching by the male chorus, in Tommy Atkins redcoats, whose ingenious evolutions are executed without a word of command. These military maneuvers by a musical comedy chorus are so unusually well done as to deserve more than passing comment. It is evident that an expert drillmaster must have devoted many hours to the work of evolving so perfect material out of the original awkward squad. The final act takes place on the lawn of a Chicago lake front mansion.

To say that George Cohan fairly drips music from his toe-points to his fingertips seems to express his exact condition. Every gesture, every movement of his body sways to a metrical measure. His dancing is as light and agile as thistledown blowing across the prairie. He sings with a strong nasal accent, but it is musical, nevertheless, and in perfect time. He looks somewhat fagged; evidently he is attempting too much. A young man of his genius should devote himself wholly to composition and staging, leaving the interpreting to others. Such demands upon his rather frail frame as are now met cannot fail to be at the expense of his health. Jerry J. Cohan, the father, is a satisfactory Franklin Fielding, and Purnell B. Pratt does good work as Whiteside Webster. Tom Lewis as Steve Daly and Sam J. Ryan as John Fagan add materially to the enjoyment of the evening by their inimitable character portrayals. Frank Hollins does commendably well in impersonating the Earl of Weymouth.

Honors fall to Lila Rhodes for her graceful dancing, her dainty ways, her sweet sympathetic voice. She is as lithe as a young panther and uncorseted of figure sways and bends to the music like a reed yielding to the soft zephyrs of the south. Her hats are marvels of the millinery art, and her gowns equally distracting. Helen Cohan's Mrs. Fielding is a breezy creature, wonderfully Chicagoesque in its Americanism. Mildred Elaine's Lillian Lloyd is notable for her good singing qualities. In the feminine chorus are several members who ought to be retired to the Hollenbeck Home, but the broilers are both sprightly and pleasing. The augmented orchestra, directed by Charles J. Gebest, adequately interprets the musical program. S. T. C.

"The Gay Musician" at Auditorium

With two visiting musical comedies being presented at different theaters simultaneously this week comparisons are inevitable. As between Julian Edwards' "Gay Musician," at the Auditorium, and George Cohan's "Yankee

Prince," at the Mason, the first-named offers infinitely the better musical treat, genuinely good music of a high creative order permeating the Shubert attraction. There is less "go" to it, fewer novelties; the chorus is not so well trained, nor yet so large, but there is no headache in its wake; the music takes precedence of the noise and hurrah of stage "action," and the individual singing is more enjoyable. The Cohan show is an excited, feverish performance, extremely well done, while the musical comedy written by Mr. Edwards is poetic, dainty and thoroughly artistic, even though it may be several beats behind the tempo of the Mason production.

As to plot, "The Gay Musician," desirous of having his opera accepted by a prima donna and her manager, makes love to her, hiding the fact that he is married. She visits his home, unex-



HENRY STOCKBRIDGE, BURBANK

pectedly, his wife reveals her relations with the author, trouble ensues and the musician and his wife separate. Later, he becomes engaged to the prima donna, and is about to marry her when her widowed father announces his intentions of getting married at the same time. His choice proves to be the musician's divorced wife. Dubois' old love reasserts itself. They discover their affection for each other. The prima donna consoles herself with her manager, her father accepts his fate with becoming resignation, and all ends happily.

Miss Texas Guinan is the prima donna, Maude Granville. She has a naturally sweet soprano of fair volume, is young and with a pretty face and figure and an infectious laugh promises to make a decided success in light opera, if she doesn't ruin her voice by misuse. Her trick of pitching her tones an octave above normal in the collo-



MLLE. BIANCI, AT THE ORPHEUM

quial dialogue cannot fail to work damage, if continued. This is a pity, as

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Miss Guinan is bubbling over with high spirits, has temperament and is thoroughly natural in her acting.

Lottie Kendall as Marie Dubois, wife of the musician, is likeable in every way, and her good work this week still further endears her to Los Angeles audiences, which she won long ago. Her singing of "The Saucy Sparrow" is one of the hits of the evening. Margaret Crawford as the mother-in-law, does a good bit of character work and proves herself the possessor of a fine contralto voice. Freda Klingel as the soubrette both sings and dances well, especially the latter. Her dancing is a joy; nothing more graceful than her posturing has been seen on the local stage in a long time.

Harry Benham essays the role of the ambitious young composer, Eugene Dubois. He has a mellow, light baritone, which he handles cleverly, although in the ballad, "Lovelight," he was decidedly off key Tuesday night at the close. His mustache is as killing as his French accent; to dispense with both would vastly improve the part. Roger Gray's singing is a joke, but he has a fund of humor that he patters out to good effect, and his dancing atones for his vocal crudities. When he learns to cross the stage without appearing all legs and arms, he will have accomplished a great stride forward in his art. W. H. Pringle, as a retired sea captain, with no suggestion of the old salt either in his voice or his manner, supplies the bass voice in the ensemble, and sings several solos acceptably. Just why Leo White, as the Hon. Clarence Beresford, is interjected, is not apparent until he furnishes the whistling accompaniment to Lottie Kendall's sparrow song. Mr. White can whistle like a lark.

In all, "The Gay Musician" is a thoroughly enjoyable production, with a chorus that numbers many good voices, even if it is not so "smart" in its

make-up as the Cohan auxiliaries. The mountings are attractive, and the orchestral music spiritedly interpreted. S. T. C.

"In the Bishop's Carriage" at Belasco

Later in the week, doubtless, the production of "In the Bishop's Carriage" showed improvement, but Monday night it was so woefully ragged as to reflect discredit on every member of the company, save Frank Camp. Even the nonchalant Lewis Stone seemed to have lost his self-possession, and failed to rescue the awkward situations in his usual manner. Despite a palpable nervousness, that was almost painful at intervals, Thais Magrane did an artistic bit of work in her characterization of "Nan, the Nipper." It is evident that Miss Magrane realizes the attributes of the character, and still more evident that she is capable of expressing them. She merged her personality into that of Nan with a faithfulness that showed both the rough exterior and the childish heart of the girl thief. When Miss Magrane learns to dominate herself and to conquer a nervous habit of twisting her mouth, her impersonations will gain in strength. Frank Camp did the best work in the cast in the part of Tom Dorgan, the thief, giving a well-sustained, well-conceived portrayal. Lewis Stone walked through his irritating role of William Latimer, the immensely, inhumanly irreproachable young lawyer, in a manner that lent a little touch of humanity to the character. Beth Taylor, looking absurdly like a pretty school-girl, wearing her big sister's long dresses, was fetching as Nellie Latimer. It is to be regretted that a girl of Miss Taylor's unusually charming personality and appearance should walk so badly, and swing her arms so recklessly. It detracts from her winsomeness. Richard Vivian as Obermuller, William Yerance in his old role of Ed-

ward Ramsay and Charles Ruggles as the impossible reporter, did excellent minor work. A bit of portraiture, cameo-like in its direct appeal, was the Mag Monahan of Adele Farrington. Better study and a more fervent devotion to their work would add a great deal to the effectiveness of the Belasco actors, who seem to have grown careless of late.

"In Old Kentucky" at the Majestic
For those who like good, old-fashioned melodrama, with all its thrilling situations, enmeshing a plausible plot of human interest, the Majestic Theater this week offers all that can be asked in its presentation of "In Old Kentucky." There is the heroine, an untutored girl of the mountains; the hero

lends distinction to the character. Louise Royce as Sarah Newkirk, and Margo Duffet as Araminta Whitbeck, make the most of their roles. In the minor parts Henry Stockbridge, David M. Hartford, H. S. Duffield and Florence Oberle do all that is possible with them.

"Chinese Honeymoon" at the Grand
If the Hartman company at the Grand Opera House continues in the same standard which it has set for itself, it is safe to prophesy that the Hartman ambition to stay in Los Angeles for an indefinite period will be prosperously realized. They are giving good performances at the Grand, on a lavish scenic and costuming scale, and with much better "all-round" work



LEWIS S. STONE, LEADING MAN AT THE BELASCO

of high caste, who loves her; the secondary hero of lower station in life, who also loves her; the deep-dyed, false-bearded villain; the old Kentucky colonel, fond of mint juleps and horse races, and, last of all, the faithful old negro servant. Add to this, and one of the best features of the production, is a band of clever pickaninnies, who dance with the characteristic abandon and agility of the good old southern negroes, and for the climax there is the horse race, which brings about the villain's defeat and saves the hero's fortune, thanks to the heroine, who, disguised in jockey's attire, rides the winning mount. "In Old Kentucky" has run a seventeen-year race and is still in the running and many lengths ahead of other and more modern melodramas. The situations are plausible and spicily treated. The cast is one of fair merit only, but sufficient zest was injected into the play to win for the hero and heroine a round of hearty applause, while to the villain fell a collection of commendatory hisses.

"The Dairy Farm" at the Burbank
At the Burbank Theater this week, "The Dairy Farm," a four-act rural play, is attracting large houses. The play is of the regulation type of rustic drama in which the usual village types figure. John W. Burton and Willis Marks are noticeably well cast in the parts which give them opportunities for good character work. Mr. Marks as Simon Krum, a miserly scoundrel, does an especially praiseworthy bit of acting, making the role stand out in sharp relief from the other portrayals. Mr. Burton does commendable work as Squire Hurley, owner of the Dairy farm. Harry Mestayer artfully loses his individuality in the character of Joel Whitbeck, the peddler and village gossip. Byron Beasley as Nathan Newkirk gives an adequate interpretation of the leading part, and finds an able support in Blanche Hall's "Lucy." Lovell Alice Taylor as Eunice Jane Perkins, "who talks like a book,"

than the traveling companies, which are often inflicted on the helpless theatergoers. This week they are offering "A Chinese Honeymoon" with a dash and spirit that prevent even its most meaningless lines from becoming monotonous. Josephine Isieb and Walter de Leon carry off the vocal honors, especially in their duet, "Roses,



VICTOR MOORE AND CHARLOTTE GRAY
In "The Talk of the Town," at the Mason.

Red and White." De Leon introduces a catchy little song of his own composition, which has all the elements of popularity. Oscar Walch has a comparatively small role, with little opportunity to display his excellent singing, and the clever Hartman wraps himself in the robes of humor in no uncertain fashion in the character of Samuel Pineapple. His song, "What's

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

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The Talk of New York
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Simpson Auditorium L. E. BEHYMER, Manager.
Friday Evening, Dec. 3
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Mr. Coenraad V. Bos., Accompanist.
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Price and other market conditions continue healthy in the security lists in spite of its having been only half a trading week, but the Thanksgiving holiday and the Los Angeles Stock Exchange oil fields' excursion have not been conducive to anything like a record-breaking volume of business transacted.

With the return of nearly the entire membership of the exchange from an inspection of the Bakersfield oil territory, the petroleum stocks listed in this market should prove more attractive than ever to the local investment as well as the speculative public. The opinion heretofore expressed in this column, that the coming winter season will see an oil boom under way, the like of which will be unprecedented, is at this time repeated, with more confidence than ever. With Associated Oil selling close to 50, and other of the best-known petroleum equally firm, the immediate future should be pregnant with results.

All of the Union issues have again settled down to a sensible and apparently reliable level, with indications that these stocks may maintain an investment, instead of a speculative, price, at least until such a time as more than an ordinary board lot of ten shares makes its appearance on the market.

Central is a bit soft, with the stock marking time for the present, and the Doheny Americans also working along in the same way. The Doheny Mexicans continue strong, with an early dividend promised for the common of that issue. The company's pipe line is expected to be at work earning money in the next four months.

Western Union, which at one time sold up to \$450 a share, and later went begging at \$75, appears to be waking up, with the stock in demand at about \$125. The company is said to have mastered the water troubles that put its affairs in the dumps two years ago, and stock that was a drug at the low figure mentioned less than two months ago, now is hard to get at twice the price.

In the bond list, as well as among the industrials, there is not a great deal in sight to encourage the tired holder. The Edison issues and the several Home Telephones again rule inactive and quiet. Bank stocks are not in demand, with the exception of Security Savings, F. & M. National and Citizens National. The first-named is wanted at the recent high-water figure of 400 a share, apparently with no stock in sight. F. & M. National is held close to 350, with the bid price off board at about 325. First National is a bit firmer with 500 bid, due to the quarterly dividend being nearly earned.

All of the mining issues known in this market are dull, with the exception of Goldfield Consolidated, which recently has been climbing pretty high, due to the declaration by the company of a substantial extra dividend.

Money continues to rule hard, with the supply not equal to the demand.

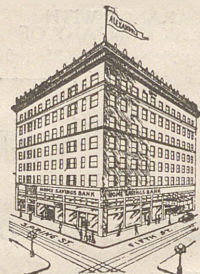
Banks and Banking

Returning this week from an extended eastern trip, Stoddard Jess, vice-president of the First National Bank, gave an encouraging report relative to the attitude of the east toward Los Angeles. He said: "A few years ago the east seemed to feel that conditions in Los Angeles and Southern California were not on a solid basis, but from general expression one now hears from eastern people they look upon Los Angeles as more than an ideal residential place. Although the east is experiencing great prosperity, money there is close. In New York this is due undoubtedly to a speculative tendency in stocks, which, fortunately, is being checked by the attitude of England and continental Europe in refusing to join in financing bull campaigns. In Chicago the explanation of the close money market is of a different nature. The farmers thereabouts are so prosperous that they are holding back their crops and consequently the money from their sale will not be placed in the channels of commerce until later. Bumper crops in all lines except cotton have placed

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the farmers of the United States in a most prosperous condition, and with these great producers prosperous there is prosperity throughout the country."

In a statement of the condition of the Japanese-American bank, which was closed recently, William S. Vawter, special deputy superintendent of banks, reports the total assets of the institution to be \$316,644.75, a slight increase as compared with the statement prepared by the Japanese managers.

Work will be begun in April on the construction of the new five-story, steel and pressed brick building to be erected in Riverside by the First National Bank of Riverside.

Stock and Bond Briefs

At a special election held at Hollywood this week, bonds in the sum of \$30,000 for the erection of a grammar school building in the west end were voted, with only one ballot cast against the issue.

Santa Paula's board of trade is getting estimates on the cost of street work and sewer for their city. Bonds may be voted to cover the cost of the work.

Voters at Newport Beach will hold an election December 21 to consider a bond issue for the erection of a municipal water and gas plant.

Date for the Pasadena municipal water bond election will be set for about January 15.

More Elbow Room for Investment Co.

In line with the remarkable prosperity of the last year has been the growth of the Los Angeles Investment Company and the Globe Savings Bank, which have had to extend their present quarters to accommodate their increasing business. The affiliated institutions, of which Charles A. Elder is president, have been occupying ground-floor offices at 333-335 South Hill street, but the necessity for more floor space has compelled the leasing and occupancy of the adjoining store build-

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

U. S. Land Office at
Los Angeles, Cal., November 2, 1909.
Notice is hereby given that William Hopkins Wylie, of Santa Monica, who, on February 1st, 1908, made homestead entry No. 11587, Serial No. 04114, for E. 1/4 of the S.W. 1/4 and Lots 6 and 7, section 19, township 1 South, range 16 West, S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 6th day of December, 1909.
Claimant names as witnesses: Daniel E. Fletcher, of Santa Monica; Frank Machado, of Santa Monica; William H. Shirley, of 303 E. Jefferson street, Los Angeles; Herman Knorr, of 2025 West Lake street, Los Angeles.
FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Date of first publication, Nov. 6, 1909.

At the Local Theaters

(Continued From Page Thirteen)

the Use," with its witty interpolations, is one of the best things he has done. "Muggins" Davies does a good piece of character work as Fi-Fi, Joseph Fogarty is as excellent as usual in the part of the emperor, and Elvia Rand burlesques the official mother-in-law most effectively.

Meritorious Bill at Orpheum
As the new attractions at the Orpheum are unusually good, and as the holdovers win commendation from all portions of the house, the ensemble is highly entertaining and widely diversified. Justly headlined is Mlle. Bianci, the dancer, who presents a figure as pleasingly picturesque as the imagination can conjure. Despite their rather "warm" tendencies, her dances are the embodiment of the poetry of motion, and her graceful figures are beautiful and sensuous without being sensual. She is costumed gorgeously, yet with daintiness, which is the acme of perfection in a woman's eyes. Of course, in her last dance it must be admitted that strong spy glasses are needed in order to discern any great quantity of garment, nevertheless Mlle. Bianci does not irritate one's appreciation of the artistic. "General" Edward LaVine is as absurdly funny as usual in his farcical turn, and his juggling feats are acceptably skillful. With his one-act sketch, "The Liar," Hal Godfrey makes a good impression, which is not shared in any great degree by the members of his company. In a gymnastic turn that has the unalloyed virtue of presenting feats novel to the Orpheum patrons, Keno, Walsh and Melrose make a great success, their revolving arch, which is starred, being only one of a series of exhibitions of agility and daring. George Bloomquest giggles his nervy way for a last week, the performing dogs vie with Martinetti and Sylvester in gymnastic feats, and Howard and Howard divert their audiences in the same old way, rounding out a bill that is an example of good vaudeville.

Offerings Next Week
Victor Moore in George M. Cohan's jolly musical comedy, "The Talk of New York," will be the attraction at the Mason Opera House for three nights next week, beginning Thursday, and with a matinee Saturday. Moore is the star and is supported by Emma Littlefield, Mae Phelps, Charlotte Lambert, Dell Irish, Louise Brackett, Charlotte Gray, George O'Donnell, John Conroy, William Williams and a number of others, besides a chorus of sixty boys and girls. The piece is said to be amply supplied with action and melody, not less than twenty song hits embellishing the four acts, among them being "Follow Your Uncle Dudley," "Put a Little Bet Down for Me," "Mr. Burns of New Rochelle," "When We Are M-A-Double-R-I-E-D," and a number of others.

Liebler & Co. make an auspicious beginning of their California alliance with the Shuberts by presenting at the Auditorium for the coming week, "The Man from Home," the comedy by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, which broke records for its long runs in Chicago and New York. The theme of "The Man from Home" is one which will not down—the question of international marriages. The story is of Indiana, though the scenes of the comedy are laid in Italy. Here a young American heiress and her brother, with more money than developed brains, are virtually at the mercy of a coterie of titled adventurers. By the intervention of Daniel Voorhees Pike, of Kokomo, Ind., both of the youthful tuft hunters are saved. Henry Hall, who played the part at the Astor Theater last spring, will have the leading role.

"The Climbers," which is generally regarded as one of the best of Clyde Fitch's plays, will next week serve Lewis S. Stone and the Belasco Theater company. The entire theater is sold out to the I. O. O. F. Monday night, so that the public performance of "The Climbers" will really begin Tuesday. Thais Magrane will have Amelia Bingham's original role of Blanche Sterling. Lewis S. Stone will interpret the part of Ned Warden, Dick Sterling will be played by Frank Camp, and Richard

Vivian will assume the part of Trotter. Following "The Climbers" the Belasco company will give the first production by a stock company anywhere in the world of Lottie Blair Parker's famously successful rural American drama, "Way Down East."

Manager Oliver Morosco has selected Paul Armstrong's popular western comedy, "The Heir to the Hoorah," as the medium through which to introduce to local audiences David Landau, new member of the Burbank company. Mr. Landau played the role of Dave Lacy in this play in the east and made a big hit in the part, which he will repeat here. Byron Beasley will play Joe Lacy, principal owner of the Hoorah mine, and Blanche Hall will be seen as Mrs. Joe Lacy. Others of importance in the cast will include David Hartford, Harry Mestayer, Willis Marks, John Burton, Henry Stockbridge, Frederick Gilbert, H. S. Duffield, Gavin Young, Lovell Alice Taylor, Louise Royce and Margo Duffet. A thoroughly good scenic investiture is promised, and as the play always has been a great favorite with local audiences doubtless it will prove one of the most popular offerings of the Burbank season.

Ferris Hartman and his big singing company will next week get away from the Oriental atmosphere which has prevailed throughout the majority of their offerings of late, and will give Richard Carle's successful musical comedy, "The Tenderfoot." Josephine Islieb will play the role of Marion Worthington, while demure little "Muggins" Davies will be seen as her sprightly maid, Sally. Ferris Hartman will appear as Professor Zachary Pettibone, Oscar Walch will sing the role of Col. Paul Winthrop, Joseph Fogarty will be seen as Honest John Martin, Walter de Leon as Sergeant Bill Barker, Josie Hart as Flora Jane Fibby and Walter Catlett as the Chinese cook. Following "The Tenderfoot," the important announcement is made of a splendid revival of last season's greatest success, "The Love Tales of Hoffman." The production is promised to eclipse that of last year.

"The Singing Bandits," a tuneful operatic comedy, comes to the Majestic Theater next week, beginning Sunday night and with Wednesday and Saturday matinees. The company is headed by Thomas H. Persse and Miss Edith Mason, both well known in Los Angeles, as is Miss Bernice Holmes, who has an important part in the cast. The story of "The Singing Bandits" is laid in Italy, where a stranded opera company poses as the popular robbers, who are much feared in the mountains. Through this medium they get food and shelter, providing many comedy situations. In the first act the Sextet from "Lucia" and in the second the Quartet from "Rigoletto" are introduced with good effect.

Minnie Seligman, with William Bramwell, both sterling players of wide repute, will headline the new Orpheum bill, beginning Monday matinee, November 29. Their sketch is called "The Drums of Doom," and is declared to be thrillingly tragic. The team of local entertainers, Nell Lockwood and Hazel Bryson, who won recognition all over the circuit, return with a series of songs, dances and whistling numbers, and are certain of a warm welcome. Sensational stunts are promised for the Three Bounding Gordons, who will exploit their acrobatic abilities. The Bootblack Quartet, composed of Messrs. Elliott, Adams, Weber and Hayes, will render a number of late songs and parodies. Mlle. Bianci, the dancer, Hal Godfrey and company in a new vehicle, "A Very Bad Boy," "General" Ed LaVine, and Keno, Walsh and Melrose, remain, with new pictures to finish the bill.

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